MADAM FICKLE:

OR THE

Witty False One.

A

COMEDY.

As it is Acted at his Royal Highness the DUKE's THEATRE.

Written by *Tho: Durfey* Gent.

HORAT.

Non cuivis homini contingit adire Corinthum.

Licensed *November* 20. 1676.

ROGER L'ESTRANGE.

LONDON,

Printed by T. N. for *James Magnes* and *Rich. Bentley* in *Russel-Street* in *Covent-garden* near the *Piazza's.*

M. DC. LXXVII.

TO HIS GRACE

THE

Duke of Ormond,

Lord High Steward of His Majeſties Houſhold, Knight of the Noble Order of the Garter, and one of His Majeſties moſt Honourable Privy Council.

May It pleaſe your Grace,

THough the Preſumption I might have been guilty of in this Dedication, is ſomewhat excuſed in your Graces Permiſſion; yet the meanneſs of this Trifle, infuſes a ſecret ſhame into me, when I conſider how ill a Preſent I have made to a Perſon of ſuch eminent Merit and Grandeur, whoſe obliging, and not to be exampled Clemency, induces him to Patronize a Piece that rather diminiſhes, than brings the leaſt addition to his Fame. Had it been an Heroick Poem, I might have open'd my eyes with greater aſſurance, and

cherish'd my ambitious thoughts with the resolution of honouring some happy Heroe with your Graces illustrious Character, and so under pretence of a slender merit springing from the Work, have insinuated my self into your Favour. But whereas other Authors are happy in this particular, how little have I to boast of, when all I can say in my defence, is, That its only good Fortune was, in being the Subject of the Courts diversion, where their Noble Clemency and Good Nature were extremely requisite, in covering its defects from the too Censorious; His Majesty, according to His accustomed Royal and Excellent Temper, was pleas'd to descend so far, as to give it a particular Applause, which was seconded by your Grace, little considering, my Lord, the Pride a young Author might be infected with, in seeing his Play honour'd with so dignified an Approbation. But when I had the honour to wait upon you, and saw shining in all your Actions the glorious Beams of Humility, Courtesie, true Honour and Virtue, Perfections seldom seen in Great Men, 'tis impossible for me to decipher my thoughts, nor had I power to utter them; for my Minds surprize added to the imperfection of my Speech, though I had

had leisure to consider how despicable a thing is Pride, when suppress't by the pious Inclinations of a generous Virtue. Pardon me, my Lord, if the indefatigable Zeal I owe your Grace, makes me wander from the nicer Rules of Dedication; And I beseech you believe, that as to Admire you I never can enough, so to Flatter you, is far beyond my power, you being far above it; I have more reason to beg your Pardon for this Trespass, than to incur your Anger for another Default: A Buffoon, though he may be often stil'd the sport and diversion of Princes, would very ill become the Name of their Companion. And so this Play, though it had the Fortune to please you as Spectator, must needs blush at its insufficiency, being receiv'd as a Bosome Friend. Confession (my Lord) makes an abatement of the Crime, and to make it wholly pardonable, the rest must be impos'd upon your Graces Clemency that authoriz'd my Boldness; the Clemency that drew me from a melancholy Retirement, where Content and I were often quarrelling about a slender Fortune, to visit the blissful Habitation of Virtue and Grandeur. Birds sing most sweetly that sit in the Sun-beams; and 'tis, I confess, the Natu-

ral

ral Ambition of most Poets, to shelter themselves under the Wings of Nobility, Encouragement adding more sweetness to their Pens, and more vivacity to their Fancy: But to study to deserve the blessing of your Favour, shall be ever the great and sole Ambition of,

MY LORD,

Your Graces most humble,

And most devoted Servant,

Tho: Durfey.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Lord *Bellamour*	Mr. *Betterton.*
Manley Friend to *Bellam.*	Mr. *Smith.*
Sir Arthur Oldlove, an Antiquary	Mr. *Sandford.*
Captain *Tilbury*, an old fashion'd blunt Fellow	Mr. *Medbourn.*
Zechiel, *Toby* } Sons to *Tilbury*	Mr. *Anthony Leigh.* Mr. *James Nokes.*
Old Jollyman	Mr. *Underhill.*
Harry, Son to *Jollyman*	Mr. *Jevan.*
Flaile, Servant to *Tilbury*	Mr. *Richards.*
Dorrel, alias *Friendlove*	Mr. *Norrice.*

WOMEN.

Madam Fickle	Mrs. *Mary Lee.*
Constantia, Daughter to *Sir Arthur*	Mrs. *Barrer.*
Arbella	Mrs. *Gibbs.*
Silvia, Attendant to *Fickle*	Mrs. *Napper.*
Three Wenches	

Constable, Watch, Footmen, Maskers, Musitioners and Attendants.

SCENE Covent-Garden.

Prologue by Mr. *Smith*.

FAncy and Sence the glorious Twins of Wit,
That us'd t'imbelliſh what a Poet writ,
Are now as poor and deſpicable grown,
As an old wrinkled Trader of the Town,
With hollow Eyes, no Teeth, and tatter'd Gown;
Like her they are neglected by you Wits,
And forc'd to trade with Country Squires and Cits,
Who with their Eighteen-pence uphold the Stage,
Which you would ruine with your Critick Rage,
By Heaven, Sirs, it is a Curſed Age.
Too late 'tis now for Poets to get Fame,
Their Works are only fit for you to Dam.
They toil, 'tis true, but gain, inſtead of Praiſe,
Malignant Cenſures; Thorns, inſtead of Bayes.
The great Cabal ſo partial do appear,
An Authors Wit lies buried in his Fear.
And as a Painter in his skill grown nice,
Still mends and mends till he has ſpoil'd the Piece;
So too much care in ſtriving to eſſay
New Scenes of Wit, oft ruines a good Play.
The Factious Club are Mercileſs of late,
Carping, Ill-natur'd, and Degenerate;
Sifting ſo much to find each little Fault,
They loſe their beſt diverſion in their Thought.
And though facetious Playes, and th' learned Pit,
When Colledges have fail'd, have taught them Wit;
The Stages Ruine unconcern'd you ſee,
And Dam th' Original of Gallantry.
Shou'd we leave off then, we ſhou'd hear you ſay,
Dam 'em, what Drones are theſe, why don't they Play?
'Sblud I ſhall never leave this Wenching vein,
Jack, *my laſt ſwinging Clap's broke out agen.*
And if we do Play——then you Cenſure raiſe,
And to encourage us, Dam all our Playes;
Nothing will pleaſe, I wonder what a Devil
Makes Men of Wit ſo formally uncivil.
But ſince 'tis ſo, and you thus Cruel prove,
We muſt appeal t' our Friends that ſit above,
Whoſe wiſe indifferent Cenſures grace a Play,
As Squibs and Crackers do—a Lord Mayors Day.

MADAM FICKLE,
OR THE
Witty False One.

ACT. I.

Scene 1.

Enter Jollyman *and* Harry.

Joll. SIrra! Not a Penny: I say 'tis lost upon thee.

Harr. I say—How Sir!

Joll. How Sir: I'le tell you Sir—First thou art a Melancholly Fellow, a kind of Hypocondriack, as I am told, and instead of making, spoilst good Company.

Harr. Pish: Good Sir believe it not.

Joll. Secondly: Sirra, thou hast quite forgot to sing a Quality that was Hereditary, a Benefit that has Grac'd our Family for above these 20 years, and like a Varlet thou hast neglected it.

Harr. Not I i' faith Sir! You are mis-inform'd. I am not melancholly, nor any thing of that which you imagine. I can sing too, loudly, and for the Benefit of Company. 'Tis true Sir, want of Money—

Joll. Sirra, Sirra, a lye deserves a Cudgel. Do not vex me. Udsbores, Did I not see you yesterday at Sir *Arthur Oldlove's*, holding your hands up thus—conning your Lesson? What business can you have with Antiquaries, except it be to practice disobedience, or turn Precisian to disgrace thy Family?

Harr. Why Sir. I'le tell you what.

Joll. No Sir: You need not;
I know the trick already. Speed the Plough Sir.
Alas! What shou'd you do with Money? To you that neglect the

World — Money's a Torment. I have conſider'd it — and will not tempt you — Money was made for thoſe that laugh, and drink with appetite, whoſe merry Souls — put Padlocks on dull Conſcience, and live the life of ſence *cum Privilegio.*

Harr. I will excel in Mirth Sir. Every day ſhall give you proof, each hour variety, your Houſe ſhall ring with ſhouts of Joy and Muſick: I long have wiſh'd it ſo: But ſtill the Duty, the reſerved Reverence that I bore you Sir made me forbear — But ſince you'l have it otherwiſe, it meets my wiſhes fully.

Joll. And mine too Sir. And a pox on Reverence I ſay, an Ounce of true *Engliſh* Mirth is worth a Pound on't: But this Antiquary — What Buſineſs had you there Sir? anſwer me that.

Harr. Sir, there is a rich Widow lodges at his Houſe, one to whom my private inclinations have been long devoted; and by feigning an Auſterity yeſterday in Sir *Arthur's* Company, I got acceſs to her.

Joll. Is ſhe merry, can ſhe ſing?

Harr. To a Miracle Sir. She's extreamly Muſical: Plays o'th' Guittar, and tells a Story with the beſt Grace I ever ſaw.

Joll. 'Sbud a fine Woman: I warrant her. Hang pinching, *Harry* thou ſhalt have her.

Harr. She's very reſerv'd; but withall uſes a modeſt freedom that's infinitely taking.

Joll. Udsbores! I like it well, a merry Modeſty, and an unſtain:d Integrity add much to Feminine Capacities: Let the world rub, *Harry* — I ſay thou ſhalt have her. There, there's Money for thee — Nay if thou wer't there upon deſign, 'tis another matter, I muſt allow that. When I was a young Man I was the beſt at a deſign: Ah, I could ha' gone through ſtitch i'faith: But come, hang pinching — *Harry* thou ſhalt have her.

SONG.

Away with the Cauſes of Riches and Cares,
That poiſon our Spirits, and ſhorten our Years:
No pleaſure can be,
In ſtate or degree,
But 'tis ming'd with trouble and fears.
Then periſh all Fops by a Sobriety dull'd,
Whilſt he that is merry reigns Prince of the World.
The Querks of the Zealous of Beauty or Wit,
Tho' ſupported by Power, at laſt muſt ſubmit.
For he that is ſad
Grows wretched or mad,
Whilſt Mirth like a Monarch does ſit:
It cheriſhes life in the Old and the Young,
And makes every day be both happy and long.

Joll.

Joll. By Heav'n a rare Woman, a moſt Divine Creature. Sirra there's more Money, and do but wheedle dexterouſly. Do but get this Woman, and then hang pinching, let the World rub.

Harr. I'le warrant you Sir. So, I have open'd his Purſe at laſt! How now, who's this?

Enter Tilbury *and* Toby.

Joll. Hoh! My old Friend and Fellow-Collegian Mr. *Tilbury*: I'faith I am glad to ſee you. This was good luck to meet you here after ſo long abſence. Pray how fare all our old Friends in *Salisbury*.

Tilb. In health Sir; hard labour, plain Diet, and Hearts Eaſe, are ſtill the beſt Phyſicians. All well — All well —

Joll. Why, let the World rub: I am glad on't i'faith. This is your Son I think Mr. *Tilbury*.

Tilb. One of 'em Sir. *Toby* — your Hat. T'other hand Sirra! Well, this Boy will never learn breeding.

Joll. Oh I'le warrant you Sir, here he'l ſoon learn that, a very hopeful youth indeed —

Tilb. Ay, Ay. God ſend him Grace Sir, he may do well enough! What Mr. *Harry!* By Coxbodikins I did not know you. You are grown a luſty ſtripling ſince I ſaw you laſt: Ah — Lord, how time paſſes! I am heartily glad to ſee you, Good Mr. *Harry*. 'Sbud he ſprouts up finely. — I hope your Mother's well Mr. *Harry*.

Harr. Very well Sir.

Tilb. Still twirling your Hat, and ſqeezing your Gloves. [*To* Toby. Sirra leave that trick, or by St. *Jago* I'le lame thee. I wonder when you ſee Mr. *Harry* in ſuch a poſture. —

Joll. Oh give him a little time Sir, he is not yet wean'd from the Country.

Tilb. No, no, my Cudgel ſhall wean him. Good Sir, let me go: Sirra, Sirra, — Have I not told you of this?

Joll. He'l mend it quickly Sir. Pray — have a little patience, and ſetting this apart, what buſineſs brought you to Town good Mr. *Tilbury*?

Tilb. Why Sir, I have a Suit of Law depending here ith' *Chancery*, which I am reſolv'd to make an end of; and my next buſineſs is, I intend to marry both my Sons to two Fortunes, which are here provided for 'em.

Joll. Both! Why have you another Son?

Tilb. Another! Yes *Zechiel*. Did you never hear of *Zechiel*? H'as been a Student in the *Temple* this three years, another-gheſs fellow than this I aſſure you, all Air and Spirit he — 'Sbodikins, I am told in the Country there's not a true Wit in all the Fraternity but he.

Joll. Why then hang pinching; he's a brave fellow. Come Sir, here's a Glass of excellent old Hock here at *Longs*. I'le give you your wellcome to Town.

Tilb. Old Hock! what a Dickins is that? Sir a Dish of Racy Canary if you please, I am for no Hocks! 'Sbodikins Wine was never good since it has been corrupted with such barbarous notions.

Joll. Well Sir, I'le warrant you I'le please you.

Tilb. Sirra, walk you yonder in the (what d'e call 'ems) the *Piazza's*; and if *Flaile* my Man come, direct him hither: And d'e hear, leave that sneaking Dog-look of yours, or by St. *Jago* — Well, — I say no more for this time. Do'nt provoke me. [*Ex.*. Till. Joll.

Tob. What a peevish old fellow 'tis: Sure he has been stung with a Wasp to day — He's so fretful — But Udshash, I'le not be controul'd so; and so I'le tell him when time serves.

Harr. Faith Sir he's a little too severe: Why he uses you like a meer Child.

Tob. Ay — like an Infant — huh — because he's old, he thinks no body has breeding but himself; but Udshash — in *Salisbury* I assure you I pass for the more accomplish'd person.

Harr. Without doubt Sir he were an errant Coxcomb that wou'd dispute that — why, you have a good Presence.

Tob. Yes; thank a good Nurse: I am pretty well fortified by Nature, and yet every thing I do, he forsooth mislikes, as if I were a Fool, and knew not how to carry my self: Udshash, I wonder he has no more Civility —

Harr. O Sir! Old Men that have the prerogative of being Fathers, think it but decent to use that liberty: But setting aside this Discourse, Mr. *Toby*, may not my Ambition desire the satisfaction of knowing the name of this excellent person you are to marry.

Tob. Why Sir — to tell you the Truth of the business, I don't know her name my self; for I never saw her yet. For the old Fool my Father carries matters so closely, that I can never know any thing: But by *Jeroboam* I'le fit him; For if I marry without good pre-meditation, I am the Son of an *East-India* Bagpiper; and so Udshash I'le tell him.

Harr. Marry a stranger, and one you never saw? By Heaven 'tis unreasonable.

Tob. Udshash! He's the most unreasonable Cormudgeon you ever knew — ith' Winter he will not let me come near the fire for fear of catching Chil-blanes.

Harr. Not warm your self —

Tob. No: Did you ever hear the like: But Zooks I fitted him once; for I burnt a whole Stack of Hay down to the ground on that occasion, and warm'd my self in spight of him.

Harr. Ha, ha, ha — a Witty invention by my life; but Mr. *Toby*, I suppose you know what Quality she that must be your Wife is.

Tob.

Tob. Yes, yes: She's of very good Quality, and a Widow, and very rich I am told.

Harr. A Widow Sir? 'Sdeath if it ſhould be my Miſtreſs ——

Tob. As to her Conditions, I am ignorant of 'em; but they had need be good; for I have miſs'd many a Wealthy Match for her ſake.

Harr. Certainly Sir I've the honour to know this Lady; pray where does ſhe lodge?

Tob D'e know her? I'm glad o' that i'faith: You may do me a great kindneſs in telling me ſome of her Conditions —— Why Sir ſhe lodges here in *Bridges-ſtreet* at the Houſe of Sir *Arthur Oldlove* the fam'd Antiquary.

Harr. The ſame by Heav'n, 'Sdeath was ever ſuch luck. Sir I was involv'd in a miſtake. I thought ſhe had been a Lady of my acquaintance: But good Sir, how came this Match ſo forward, ſince you ſay ſhe's a ſtranger to you?

Tob. Why Sir! You muſt know this ſame Sir *Arthur* is my Fathers intimate Friend, and this Widow lodging at his Houſe, he preſently gave notice of it: Telling him, he doubted not but he could make her a Match for me. But the main Cauſe of his kindneſs is, becauſe he deſigns my Brother *Zechiel* to marry his Daughter.

Harr. Very good —— now have I an itching mind to ſwinge this [*Aſide* Raſcall: But 'tis ſo notorious a Fool, that a beating is loſt upon him. Then you'r reſolv'd to marry ——

Tob. Yes! Hang't I will marry —— I fancy there's a great deal of pleaſure in't. Firſt to command a Family, and ſit at the upper end of the Table. Then to make my Wife ſerve inſtead of a *Valet de Chambre*, and never pay her no Wages neither: Then to command her this way, that way, t'other way, and every way; for this thing, that thing, t'other thing, and every thing: Udſhaſh 'tis very pretty ——

Harr. But Sir, you ſtill miſs the right end of Marriage.

Tob. That's all one Sir —— why we muſt take our Fortune. 'Tis as the Fates decree ——

Harr, Gad, the Fates are very uncivil to meddle in a matter that ſo nearly concerns you: But Sir! There's one thing more; there's a certain ill Fate attends Marriage —— Horns Sir; are you not afraid of being a Cuckold?

Tob. A Cuckold! ha, ha, ha —— I ſee he's a little fooliſh —— a Cuckold Sir, Udſhaſh —— in *Salisbury* they know not what it means. 'Tis your *London* Air that breeds Cuckolds: Here's your horny Forreſt —— But Udſhaſh, they ſay here a Courtier can't walk the ſtreets without being perpetually troubled in returning the Complements to ſome of his Cuckolds: Beſides, they'r ſo general a Society here, that no body minds 'em —— but in *Salisbury* —— if a man is ſuſpected to be a Cuckold, he preſently gets into Office, either of Conſtable, or head Churchwarden, that his degree may recover his diſgrace —— Nay for better ſecu-

rity,

rity, ſome of 'em Padlock their Wives: And Udſhaſh that is certainly the ſafeſt way; and I wonder the Citizens here don't take it into Conſideration.

Harr. Get one of the Common Council to petition the King for an Act of Parliament to that purpoſe.

Tob. 'Tmay be neceſſary as things ſtand ſometimes — But ſee here comes *Flaile:* Udſhaſh my Brother too, now for a peale of Wit.

Enter Zechiel *and* Flaile.

Zech. Hah *Toby* — Beangarſon touch Fleſh, touch Fleſh: Wellcome to Town i'faith — upon honour thou lookſt well, only thy Clothes a little diſguiſe thee; but no matter, where's my Father, hah — *Bandog* and I have been ſeeking him this hour, prithee where is he?

Tob. Gone to the Tavern with an old Friend of his.

Zech. Come! Let us go thither too; Upon honour the Tavern's a ſweet place, and next to the Play-houſe, the moſt becoming a Gentleman of any thing — Sir I kiſs your hand, and beg your [*To* Harry. Pardon forneglect in Salutation: But my Eyes being ſerenely fix'd upon my Brother, there happen'd an accedental Eclipſe between my impriſon'd Aſpect, and Sir, your Perſon: But the Luminaries of my Soul being kindled by diſcretion, I have now liberty to acknowledge and amend my fault committed in point of Demeanour.

Tob. What! What's all this? Udſhaſh *Zechiel*'s mad —

Harr. Sir! I am very unskilful in a Repartee of this Nature, and therefore beg your excuſes, if all I can ſay is, that your wit had no occaſion for half this Apology.

Zech. Sir, your very Servant. *Toby*, Come let's to the Tavern, upon honour I'le make thee drunk to night, give me thy hand. What dull — flat — like a Poet in a Church, prithee hold up thy head and laugh Man, and let us ſing, and roar, and drink away the night like Sons of Thunder, to morrow will be time enough to ſee my Father. Hey, come along Boy. *Bandog*, Sirra, you ſhall go too. You ſhall drink Bumpers out of your Cuſtard-Cap you Rogue, and be drunk for the honour of your Countrey — [*Strikes off* Flailes *Hat.*

Tob. Yes, yes! He's mad —

Flail. 'Slid! For ought I ſee you need no Wine: Prating will in a ſhort time make you too drunk for any civil Mans company.

Zech. Well ſaid *Plonghſhare*: Why how now *Bully*! ſtill in thy Dumps! not a word to ſave a Mans longing? [*To* Toby. Prithee look up and ſpeak like a Man of Worſhip: 'Sdeath I muſt new mould you e're we part: I perceive that you'l degenerate elſe: Upon honour he's no kin to me that is not as brisk as a Dancing-Maſter. Give me the Spirit of Converſation, a Man that ſings, and talks, and laughs, and ſtares — and comes aloft thus with agility, hah — [*Vaults.*

Harr.

Harr. Like a Taylor ore' a Washing-block: Well, I must leave 'em; for the Disease of Folly is as catching as that of the Plague. —— Gentlemen your Servant.

Zech. Ah Sir, you will not leave us: Shall we not break a jest together o're a Glass of *Burgundy*! Upon honour a Man of Wit is to me as welcome as a Beautiful Woman. *Toby*, address your self the Gentleman your Friend.

Tob. Sir! the Truth is, my Brothers a little off oth' Hooks; but 'twill quickly away —— 'Tis only the over-flows of Wit. You know the old saying, *Sine aliqua Dementia nullus Phœbus!* This Wit is plaguy troublesome.

Harr. Right Sir. Therefore to prevent, I'le take my leave till some other time. [*Exit* Harry.

Is he gone? Dam him he has no Money now, not a Sous —— I know it. Upon honour, in this age a Man knows not who to bestow his Gallantry upon: If he gets among Persons of Quality, they are so Critical, that he has not matter enough to work on: If amongst the Vulgar; 'tis lost upon 'em; for the sence of paying a Reckoning, makes them as dull as a *Cantabrigian* newly enter'd into Orders.

Flail. Ay, this *London's* a wicked place, that's the Truth on't. Che' have gone 3 mile about, and can hardly see ought but Ale-housen and Taberns.

Tob. Nay, the worst is, one can hardly know a Church from a Tavern, but only the Church has ne'r a Sign.

Zech. A good Observation! Gad I'le pinch thee for that. Pinch him *Bandog*, leave your Church you Dog, and execute my Mandates. Ha, ha, ha. [*Kicks away his Staff, he falls down.*

Tob. Ha, ha, ha, up again *Flail*; there's no harm done. Udshash! *Zechiel's* grown an arch wag.

Flail. Arch quoth a! 'Slid he has broke my Nose —— D'e laugh? Ah you may be asham'd o' your Actions. Your Worshipful Father wou'd ne'r ha' serv'd me so.

Flail. Nay! No anger *Flaile!* No anger! What's a fall to a Man o' thy parts; Upon honour 'tis customary here to give or take a fall from any Man, especially amongst Frends.

Lord Bellamore, *Mr.* Manly, and Footmen pass over the Stage.

Bella. Sirra take this Letter, and do as I command you, away —— you shall find me in the Mall —— [*Ex.* Footmen.

Come *Manly*, lets away —— how now? Who's here? My Fop of the *Temple Jack*? This is he I told thee of. I won 300 Guineys of him t'other night at Back-gammon.

Manl. 'Twas well you won 'em: They might else have been thrown away upon one of far less merit; for I see he has a kind of a losing Face —— he'l ne'r thrive at play.

Zech.

Zech. My Noble Lord! I kiſs your Lordſhips great Toe. Worthy Sir your Adorer. Upon honour my Lord you had the moſt Victorious Chance t'other night I ever knew: But ſince it was my Fortune to loſe, Fate did me a great honour in chooſing your Lordſhip for my Conquerour.

Bella. Sir! the moſt worthy are ſtill more ſubject to ill chance, and 'tis as abſolutely impoſſible for me to excuſe my own good Fortune, as to enlarge upon your Merits.

Zech. Ah! Your Lordſhip o'rewhelms me in the deluge of your Gallantries. Be pleas'd to know my Brother my Lord. 'Tis true, he's meanly apparel'd, becauſe newly come from the Bleſſing of 1500 *l.* a year in the Country, to ſpend a Month or two in Town — but elſe upon honour of a good ſtature, ſtraight Back, and a Head of moſt hopeful expectation.

Bella. He ſeems no leſs Sir. I wiſh I had leiſure to comment upon his Perfections.

Zech. Then here's my *Bandog*, a tough Raſcal, a Fellow of ſo ſtrange a Conſtitution, that 'thas been often diſputed which was the better bred, he or his Oxen! Upon honour a ſecond *Hobſon*; my Lord, an everlaſting *Plough-ſhare* — do but view him! Stand forth O Man of *Motley!* Ha, ha, ha — he bluſhes upon honour, he changes Countenance.

Manl. Not for a worſe I hope.

Bella. No not unleſs he ſhould ſteal one off the Poles at *London* Bridge. But come, Prithee lets away: Such another deſcription would induce me to beat this Fellow for ſpoiling my Stomach to my Dinner — [*Aſide.*

Zech. What's that? Dinner! Will your Lordſhip dine with me? a diſh of Partredges, and a Jowl of Salmon (my Lord.)

Bella. But your ſawce is ſcurvy, and will doubtleſs corrode upon my Nature.

Zech. Gad! the beſt ſawce in the World. This Fellow was Cook to the King of *France*, and upon honour is the moſt ingenious in his Function of any Man in Chriſtendome.

Man. But Sir, our intrigue lies another way.

Bella. Sir, we are to day Men of great Buſineſs, and there is a preſſing Affair that requires inſtant performance: Therefore adieu. [*Ex.* Bel. Man.

Zech. This is the bane of our Nobility. Pride — Sloth, and ill Manners undoes the Nation.

Tob. A Lord quoth a: If all Lords have no more breeding than this, the Nation is like to have a hopeful Houſe of Peers. Udſhaſh, I could have carried matters better than ſo my ſelf — For with reverence be it ſpoken, and under the Roſe, my Lord was as unmannerly a Fellow as I ever ſaw.

Flail. Ha, ha, hi — He a Noble Man, and punctilio no better. Byth' Maſs the Maior of our Town has more manners by half.

Zech.

Zech. Pſhaw —— What's matter? Let 'em go, upon honour I ſcorn their Ignorance, and to let 'em ſee the Power of a Man of Wit: Thou and I will Lampoon 'em. I'le teach thee within this three days to be a Man of Mode; and thou ſhalt talk, and roar, and fight, and ſing even with the beſt, nay Cocks of all the Bullies. I'le teach thee the moſt new and dextrous way of picking Wenches up. Then thou ſhalt know their tempers, conſtitutions: Whether they are ith' Boat or may be Boarded. Thou ſhalt know every thing Boy. I'le be a true Brother to thee.

Tob. Hoy Boys, then I'le warrant I'le learn quickly: Nay Udſhaſh —— I'm very quick at any thing I give my mind to.

Zech. No more blowing of Noſes on your ſleeve, nor twirling of Band-ſtrings, d'e hear? but when you are in Company, Cock your Hat, place your Arms thus, look like the Son of *Thunder*, and cry Hoh.

Tob. Hoh —— Udſhaſh! I'le warrant thee I'le do't.

Zech. Then we'l have our names alter'd: Let the old Prophets keep their Appellations; we'l be new Chriſtned: Mine ſhall be —— *Filloflorida*, thine *Rounſivell* —— Hey *Rounſivell*: Upon honour it ſounds rarely —— and then for humour.

Tob. Ay, ay, I warrant thee Boy! If I can but get a little Wit into this Pate of mine, let me alone for humour.

Zech. Then my *Pithagoras*, ſhall thou and I make a Tranſmigration of Souls. Thou ſhalt marry my Miſtreſs, and thy Wife ſhall be my Gracious *Paramour*: 17 Puncks ſhall be thy proportion, thou ſhalt ſleep in the comfort of clean Linnen; Wench with a ſafe Conſcience, and eat no more freſh Beef at Supper; but the Fleſh-pots of *Ægypt* ſhall fatten thee, and the Graſhopper flouriſh in thy Summer.

Tob. Hoy! Rare, rare *Phillorolida*! Prithee give me a note o' thy Name; Udſhaſh I ſhall ne'r hit on't elſe ——

Zech. Come away then, we'l go preſently and practice ——
And to the Tavern door make our Approaches,
Like Hect'ring Gallants ruſhing from Gilt Coaches.

[*Exeunt.*

Finis Actus Primi.

C ACT:

ACT. II.

Scene 1. *The Mall.*

Enter Lord Bellamore *and* Manley.

Bella. A Fool is a *Vacuum* in Nature; a Prolix ſtory without Marginal Notes; in whoſe Company a man neither gets credit nor profit: If he be Rich his greateſt perfection is Avarice: If Poor, he is altogether deſpicable, and unfit for Society ——.

Manl. I am not of your mind; for if Profit turn the Scale, there's certainly moſt to be got by half-witted people; and as to the diſgrace, the Notion of a Fool is ſo general, and there's ſo many ſorts of 'em, that a man loſes not an Inch of Reputation, but rather gets credit by their defect.

Enter Page.

Bella. Now Sirra! what news?

Page, I deliver'd your Letter as your Lordſhip directed; and ſhe deſires your Viſit to be as ſpeedily as you can; for ſhe has a Kinſman that about an hour hence has ingag'd himſelf to wait on her; whoſe Company ſhe fears may be very prejudicial.

Bella. I'le be with her preſently, *Jack!* I muſt beg thy pardon.

Manl. What an aſſignation my Lord! A Love-challenge I warrant.

Bella. Even ſo i' faith; and I muſt thither inſtantly. Where ſhall we meet at night?

Manl. At *Lamb* with the Fidles and a Talboy.

Bella. Agreed: I will not fail thee —— *Jack* farewell. Sirra follow me —— [*Exit* Bell. *and* Page.

Manl. So! I am glad it happens thus; I ſhould elſe have been put to the trouble of excuſing my abſence from him. Let me ſee, 'tis now five a Clock! at ſix I promis'd *Celia* to viſit her, and his abſence gives me a happy opportunity. To perform it, I'le take a walk round the Park, and by that time 'twill be very near the hour. [*Ex.* Man.

Enter Zechiel *and* Toby *in a new Suit.*

Zech. Splendid and Gent, upon honour thou art Metamorphos'd; a Courtier of the firſt Edition. Thou haſt the Town Air already, and wearſt thy Clothes with a boon mene. Walk a little! walk! ah ——

obſerve

obſerve always to keep your Toes outward, and your Elbows as far back as you can; that's right! give me thy hand: Upon honour thou art a modiſh Fellow —

Tob. Udſhath — I muſt quarrel. I ſhall not be a right Gallant till I have beaten ſome body, or am beaten, it's all one: Hah! *Philloromine.* Plague on't I ſhall never hit of thy name.

Zech. Thou ſhalt beat a Conſtable to night, thou and I will ſcour through the Flannel *Mermidons*, and come off Conquerors; nay, rather than fail thou ſhalt beat me: But I'le ha' thee fleſh'd. Stand here! Suppoſe me now a Drawer, and that I had been tardy in procuring a Wench according to your order: What wou'd you do oth' ſudden?

Tob. Do! Why thus? a Box oth' Ear for a Prologue, you know that's but reaſonable — [*Strikes him.*

Zech. Right upon honour. 'Tis neceſſary — but forward!

Tob. Hoy; *Scaramouchi*, *Raſcal*, *Poltron*, *Popinjay*! Son of 20 Fathers, beſides out-liers, comers and goers; muſt a Man of honour wait your leiſure, you Dog, and miſs his neceſſary diverſion, through the negligence of ſuch a Scarab: Udsbores, I'le beat thee into a Tripe. No haſt? No attendance? [*Beats* Zechiel.

Zech. Hold, hold! ha, ha, ha; the right Town-humour *Ned*, Flaſh to the life — ha, ha, ha. Let me kiſs thee for this; if thou canſt but get the art of gleaning from Plays, and remember'ſt but my Rules for picking up Wenches; upon honour in a ſhort time not a Bully Rock of 'em all can come near thee for Gallantry.

Tob. Ay; but they ſay the beſt way of picking up Wenches is to ſpeak Bawdy to 'em, and the Truth is, I am a little ſhame-fac'd at preſent; but I ſhall quickly come to't.

Enter Arbella, Conſtantia *and* Page.

Arb. So pleaſant and ſo inconſtant a Temper till now I never knew: Her Carriage is ſo graceful and obliging, that 'tis infinitely delightful to all Companies; and if ſhe happens to ſpeak of love, me thinks there flows a ſweetneſs from her Language, that charms the Ear.

Conſt. And yet ſhe's falſe as Hell; ſo ſtrangely wedded to inconſtancy, that the Town begins to take notice of her, and ſpeak the more loudly, as being ignorant of her quality: Sirra carry that Letter as I directed you —

Tob. Udſhaſh! Here's Women Brother; good Boy! I'le begone: My Heart fails me already. I ſhall never be able to ſpeak to 'em.

Zech. Not ſpeak to 'em! Upon honour thou ſhalt, bravely too. What flinch in thy firſt Charge. Come back for ſhame; obſerve me, I'le begin — I'le introduce thee — Ladies! the Devil take me if it be not a Maxime againſt Reaſon and Civility, for you to walk thus

without Servants. But obliging Fortune, a particular Friend to your Sex, has ſent hither for that Employment my Brother and my ſelf; and if your pleaſure ——

Arb. Sir! you will add very much to our pleaſure to leave us; for we are in ſo ill a humour, that the Overtures of your Imaginary Wit will be loſt upon us.

Zech. Leave you! Shall I leave a Lady to the Tyranny of Melancholly, that may be diverted with the pleaſure my Company: Madam, I know more of the Punctilio's of Civility than ſo; therefore as I was ſaying, My Brother and my ſelf ——

Conſt. Oh Heavens Madam! This is the very Fool that my Father deſigns me to Marry.

Arb. It ſeems he knows you not.

Conſt. No; he never ſaw me but once, and then 'twas at a Window.

Zech. My Brother and my ſelf Madam, two of the moſt accompliſh'd Sparks ith' Town ——

Arb. Two of the moſt conceited Fops ith' Town ——

Zech. That ſhall be punctual in obſerving your Commands.

Conſt. That ſhall be beaten moſt unmercifully, if you ſtay a little longer.

Zech. Beaten Madam! What raſh Preſumer, careleſs of his life, dares think a thought like that —— Beaten!

Tob. Udſhaſh, ſhe has quell'd my Courage already, wou'd I were at home again.

Zech. But I ſee Madam you are diſpoſed to rally: Beaten! There goes more to the beating of a Man of Parts, than you imagine. Upon honour I was my ſelf once ſo well skill'd in beating people, that the Herald had like to have given me a Battoon for my Creſt; thereby to have ſignaliz'd my Valour to Poſterity.

Arb. I wonder you miſs'd ſo decent an Honour: For I am of opinion 'twas an excellent Device, and very ſuitable to your new-coin'd Gentility.

Zech. New-coin'd! Damme, this comes of walking without a Foot-boy: Brother prithee come and eſpouſe my quarrel. Theſe Eternal Talkers have made my Throat as dry as a Spunge already —— Come! Addreſs, Addreſs —— They tell me that ours is a new-coin'd Gentility.

Conſt. Well Sir, and what has your large quantity of Wit to ſay on this occaſion?

Tob. I ſay! why I ſay —— Say you what you will: The Family of the *Tilburies* is an Ancient Family, God bleſs the Royal Family, as any Family in Chriſtendome, and he that ſays the contrary is the Son of a Whore, and my Brother here ſhall cut him into Steakes ——

Zech. Well ſaid Rounſival.

Arb.

Arb. 'Slight! Prithee let's away; this angry Fool will beat us.

Tob. So, ſo —— now they begin to fear me: I ſhall do well enough; The Coat of the *Tilbury's* new-coin'd —— Udſhaſh 'tis as old as *Tilbury Camp*, and that was in the ſame year with *Noahs* Flood.

Conſt. Inſufferable Impertinence! They may well be Brothers; for their united Folly out-vies their Conſanguinity.

Enter Manley.

Manl. Madam! the *Mail* may now boaſt of a Happineſs unparallel'd, enjoying the ſweetneſs of your Company.

Arb. Still your Rhetorical Vein Mr. *Manley*, you conſider not the weak Capacities of Women.

Manl. Yes Madam: I may conſider it; but am ſufficiently ſatisfied in my knowledge of your Capacity to think it mean: But me thinks your looks are not ſo lively as 'tis uſually: Your Eyes have loſt part of their fire: No late loſs I hope Madam has caus'd this alteration.

Arb. None Sir. only a little moleſted with the preſent heat, and the continual buzzing about of Flies that haunt me.

Manl. Flies; I underſtand you Madam.

Tob. Come; I think we had beſt go: Here's ſome miſchief hatching.

Zech. I'le not ſtir upon honour, what a Pox he dares not draw in the *Mail*.

Manl. Sir! I ſee your Preſence has the misfortune to be diſtaſtful to theſe Ladies, to whom I have the honour to be known: Therefore 'twill become you and your Brother Fop there, to leave 'em, and retire to your better Conveniences.

Zech. Brother Fop Sir! Upon honour you licence your Tongue by the priviledge of the place; ſuch an attribute ſhould not have paſs'd unreveng'd elſe —— but Sir a time will come ——

Manl. When I ſhall cut your Throat Sir: Come Ladies, I le be your Guardian; Let theſe Muſhrumes ſtand if they dare. The reſpect I bear the Noble Company that uſually walk here, ties up my Sword; but if they ſleep on't hang me. [*Ex*, Manl. *and Ladies*,

Tob. Udſhaſh! I'le go hire a Coach, and into the Country immediately.

Zech. The Country! Such another word and I'le renounce thee forever; Prithee think no more on't: He'l be hang'd before he'l challenge us.

Tob. I ſee he has a murd'rous intention, and 'tis an act of prudence to be careful.

Enter

Enter Flaile.

Flail. Oh have I found you at laſt? I wonder where the Dickins you ramble! ch'have ſearch'd all the Coffe-houſes and Taberns 'twixt this and *Weſtminſter* for you: What byth' Maſs my young Mr. *Toby* turn'd Gallant too. Whoop! by Coxounty what a change is here. Come you muſt go to Sir *Arthur Oldloves* to your Father: Byth' Maſs he's almoſt out on's wits for you.

Zech. Go *Bandog*; tell him we come, and Sirra bid him get a Bottle of Claret, and a Neats Tongue ready —— Go —— Brother come, cheer up: Pox ont, a Rencounter is nothing when thou art us'd to't —— Prithee let's be merry ——

Tob. If this Man had not come to diſturb us, I could have been very merry —— Udſhaſh I could have beaten the Woman into a Jelly; but no matter, Time and Experience ſhall mend all. [*Exeunt.*

Scene 2.

Enter Madam Fickle *and* Silvia.

Fick. Is he come! give me the Glaſs.

Silv. Yes Madam, and I've led him into the Parler. I proteſt he's a handſome Man, and one that in my opinion little deſerves the Cruelty you intend him.

Fick. Call you Affection Cruelty?

Silv. Flattery in Affection is extreameſt Cruelty, I know you love him not: I have heard you often confeſs it: and to poſſeſs him with a belief you do, and at laſt daſh his hopes with a denial, is a horrid Torture.

Fick. I am glad he moves your Pity. Do you love him?

Silv. I commiſerate his Fortune —— his love is a Happineſs too high for me; but good Madam, let me preſume to ask the reaſon why you uſe all your Lovers thus?

Fick. Well, in hopes to make thy diligence the ſurer, I'le tell thee why.

'Twas my unhappy Fate ſome three years ſince to fall in love,
To give away my Heart, and throw my ſelf into the Arms of
One of mean diſcent —— and alſo ſlender Fortune: Yet had Deſtiny
So link'd my Soul with his, that each kind glance
Shot from his darting Eye, me thought went through me.
I lov'd, nay and ador'd with ſo much zeal,
I cou'd have dy'd —— nay willingly been tortur'd:
I thought he could not wrong my Innocence; for then I

Swear

Swear I was so innocent I knew not what sin was;
Yet this deluding Wretch! this base Seducer, although
I slighted all for him, laught at my fervent
Passion, scorn'd and left me, and when I thought his Heart
Was mine for ever, 'twas then most treacherous, and fartheſt
From me: Therefore I've made a strict and solemn
Vow, on the whole Sex to execute revenge —— Flatter, and
Wheedle all I can, and ever.
To practice to ensnare —— but to love —— never ——

Silv. The strangest revenge I ever heard; but I doubt not Madam in a short time Love will alter your condition.

Fick. I'le venture that —— Go and Conduct him hither, and fetch thy Lute and sing. [*Exit* Silvia.

SONG.

Beneath a Shady Willow near,
A Rivers purling Streams;
Astrea *Careless of her Sheep,*
With folded Arms lay fast asleep,
Possess'd with Golden Dreams;
Her working faculties supply'd, with drowzy sleep deny'd;
For oft she'd sigh, and smile, and grasp the Air,
Thinking her much lov'd Celadon *was there.*

But as this sleeping harmless Maid,
Lay rap'd in silent Joy.
Possessing all that could be sought,
In setter'd sense or happy thought,
Her Swain came fishing by;
He eager of such rapting Bliss, awak'd her with a Kiss,
She Blushing rose, and cry'd, unhappy Fate!
Ah Celadon *thou now art come too late.*

Enter Bellamore.

Bella. Mirror of Beauty! Abstract of perfection,
Sweeter than Banks of Roses, and more
Glorious, than the Bright Empress of the Ruddy
Morn; when early *Titan* rises ——

Fick. So early in your florid Vein my Lord, I thought that 12 at night had been always your facetious hour: For Heavens sake no more of this. You'l lose your self in these Hyperboles.

Bella.

Bella. To loſe my ſelf in you —— were to find Heaven —— hah —— Gad Me thinks I have expreſs'd my ſelf in as decent
A whining Method, as 'tis poſſible for a Lover to do.
Come! ſhall we abroad, my Coach is at door: Prithee let's to the Park, t'is a fine Evening.

Fick. No, I am oblig'd to ſtay at home to receive the Viſit of a Kinſman, that ſent word he would wait on me.

Bella. A Pox on Kinſmen! Gad we have other Buſineſs than to mind Relations; in theſe Caſes an aſſignation diſappointed with one of them, is no more than the telling of a Lye, or an ordinary Frailty; but to ſpoil an amorous Intrigue when perſons are not at all times provided, i'gad 'tis a moſt inhumane offence, and merits condign puniſhment in the World to come.

Fick. Ay Sir —— but this is ſuch a Kinſman ——

Bella. Such a Kinſman? Why the nearer he is related to you, the better he may ſtay: The cold buſineſs of Conſanguinity is ſeldom ty'd to an hour, once a week, or a month will ſerve the turn well enough; but the preſſing affair of Love brooks no delay. The minute muſt be watch'd that guides our Souls to perfect Joys, and they who neglect are Fools.

Fick. Well, if Impudence be a Grace in a Lover, I ſwear, my Lord, you have as large a portion as any one I know: What man but you durſt contradict his Miſtreſs thus?

Bella. What Woman but you durſt provoke a Lover thus? Nay one that is to marry you; and conſequently to have power to Tyrannize over you; To lie with you but once a week, and then with an ill will too; To ſend you into the Country to look to your Dairy; To keep a Mis in Town, and live three times beyond my Eſtate, according to Cuſtom.

Fick. Is it not alſo in my power to be falſe? Is my Beauty ſo mean think you, that no one wou'd make Addreſſes? Lies it not in my ability to wheedle you into a Belief of Love, and at laſt to forſake you —— aſſure your ſelf it does —— but Heaven knows I am too conſtant.

Bella. A Miracle in Nature! A Notion of ſo ſtrange an extravagance, that the very ſound is incredible! Conſtancy in Woman is a ſecond Maidenhead: 'Tis loſt e're they know they have it, and your Conſtitution Madam certainly tends that way, and the Truth were known ——

Fick. He little thinks how right he gueſſes —— [*Aſide.*

Bella. But ſince you are in ſo ill a humour, and are reſolv'd to ſpend this Afternoon here like a Turtle, ſolitarily in your Cage, I'le leave you, and ſtrive to divert my ſelf with other Company: I have a Preſent here too. which I intended to Dedicate to you; but to the Melancholly all things are diſtaſtful.

Fick.

Fick. A Neck-lace of Pearl! I muſt not loſe that ſo — uſe your pleaſure, my Lord. The Vertue of a Preſent ſeldom makes me fond of any Mans Company.

Bella. You think I warrant, this indifference becomes you extreamly. That modiſh turn of your head, and glance of your Eye, you imagine was infinitely taking: But Madam, I am now in a more ſerious humour, and not to be fool'd with ſuch Dilatory motions; ſo begging your pardon for my obſtructing your Kinſmans Viſit — I take leave —

Fick. Well! I am the very'ſt Fool. I ſwear, my fondneſs makes you inſult over me; another Woman wou'd have made you comply, and be glad to ask her pardon; but my good Nature makes you ſlight me.

Bella. No, this action has indeer'd my Soul to thee, and I am faſter thine than ever: Oh, I could live for ever in thy Arms — feed on thy Lips, and ſurfeit with thy Kiſſes.

Enter Silvia.

Silv. Madam the Gentleman is come.

Fick. Unlucky minute! Sweet my Lord away;
I wou'd not have him ſee you for the World.

Bella. The Devil blow him hence in a Whirlwind: I will obey you; but by Heaven with as ill a will as ever Coward faught a Duel; but ſince it muſt be ſo — adieu: Nay do not ſmile upon me; by the Lord I ſhall tire your Kinſmans patience, and ſtay if you do. Farewell. A Pox upon him I ſay — Farewell Madam. [*Exit.*

Fick. So, there's one diſpatch'd. I was fain to tell him
'Twas a Kinſman, to get him gone the ſooner — ſtay; this is my paſſionate Lover; one that Wooes by Method, and ſpeaks blank Verſe. Now muſt I change my temper ſuitable to his Tone, and ſpeak in the ſame ſtile: Let me ſee; *When* Sapho *lov'd! Oh Heaven! What throngs of woes oppreſs'd her harmleſs Breaſt?* Very well — I have it rarely. Now to my Poſture — This Book — Languiſhing Eyes — So — And neceſſary Handkerchief to wipe Imaginary Tears off — So — The Devil's in't if this is not Melancholly enough. Here he comes. [*Sits at the Table.*

Enter Manley.

Manl. Life of my Soul! bright Treasure of the World,
Queen of perfections, and the best
Of all thy Charming Sex — What Dismal Fate
Has caus'd this alteration? Why are thy Eyes,
Late the extreams of Glorious Light, now clouded?
Adding more trouble to the frighted World,
Than when the Sun Eclipsed threatens a Chaos.

Fick. Pardon my Frailty Sir: I have not learn'd the
Power to dissemble: Who cou'd read
The hapless Fate of wretched *Ariadne*?
Hear *Theseus* falshood, and the piercing Mones
Of a distress'd Maid? By Love undone,
Left all alone within a Desart Isle,
And not pay Tribute of a Tear or Two to grace the story.

Manl. 'Twas a horrid act,
And I confess deserves it; but in us
That Love and Glory in the Passion, 'tis
Not fit Despair should Tyrannize.

Fick. Let them despair that merit no return,
My passion has been permanent.

Man. And mine
The truest Heart that e're obey'd the Dictates
Of Loves Imperial Power, from that hour
That first obtain'd my Eye the happy Object
Of your Perfections, my poor fetter'd Heart,
Proud of the Chains of such a Conquering Beauty,
Resolv'd to Grace the long wish'd Victory
With a perpetual Constancy.

Fick. And mine,
Bless'd with the Pleasure of your Loves Addresses,
Grew proud of such a Fortune: Happy *Celia*
Wou'd I oft cry; if thou canst purchase him,
Thy Race is finish'd, th'abstract of all Love,
Vertue and Valour: Then with my Minds Perspective
Wou'd I survey your Soul, and sigh, and covet:
Love to my sense such pleasing Motions brought.
That I was lost in my own various Thought.

Man. Sweet Creature! Oh my Soul how I adore thee!
The transport of whose touch has power to kill:
If I shou'd visit often, speak sweet Charmer,
Will you be always true? always thus Constant?

Fick. Constant! Alas! What power have I to change
When you poſſeſs my Heart.

Manl. My Soul!

Fick. My Heart!

Manl. My Life! My Vital Spirits! Oh Heaven I fool my ſelf in too much Love, and dote on my own Happineſs.

[*Kneels and kiſſes her Hand.*

Fick. He's finely caught! Wit, where art thou now?

Manl. Erring Philoſophers, that Knowledge prais'd
Above the Bliſs of Women, Women, Delicious
Women, Women the
Quinteſſence of Nature: Heavens Treaſures
Fram'd to enrich Mankind, and make 'em Deities:
Travel fond Cynick through the ſpacious Globe;
Dive through the Sea. Thence through the Airy Region
Soar, to find out new pleaſures; and at laſt,
When thou haſt known the Joys of Earth and Heaven,
Believe with me it terminates in Women.

Enter Silvia.

Silv. Madam your Kinſman is below, and deſires the favour of your Company.

Fick. Unfortunate Minute; for Heavens ſake Sir begone: I am undone if he ſees you. Hearkl! he's coming up.

Manl. Was ever Fate like mine — Wear this Sweet Creature, and remember me — [*A Ring.*
So! adieu Divineſt, Sweeteſt, Kindeſt! O Heaven!
Muſt I begone? — [*Exit* Manley.

Fick. Ha, ha, ha; I think I did it to the life! *Silvia*, didſt thou hear our Court?

Silv. Yes Madam and I ſwear I pitty the poor deceiv'd Gentleman.

Fick. Pitty him, prithee talk no more on't: but who is that below?

Silv. The Young Briſk Gentleman that fell in love with you yeſterday; he that your Ladyſhip gave the Song to.

Fick. Tell him I'le come to him. [*Exit* Silvia.
Now for a Briſk Airy Humour to agree with the Temper of this Fool.
This is the moſt eaſie Fop of all my Pretenders.
There needs no Net for him; his own actions are
His beſt Betrayers. The other two I confeſs have
More wit: But what then? Love makes a Dunce of a
Counſellor, and their fondneſs proves as prejudicial
As t'others folly. O Men! Silly Men! That fetter'd with
A Smile, forget the Buſineſs of their Creation; the Motives
Of their Honour; and the ſafety of their Countrey — Thus

Fix

For my revenge is prosperous; and I'le forward. My Panthers
Breath shall draw 'em to the Snare; my Tongue shall
Charm; my Smiles kindle Loves Fire in their amorous
Souls, till they'r scorch'd severely; then forsake 'em
Whilst in my Breast, my Heart obdurate Flint
Shall hear, and yet not pitty.
Thus all shall know that were like me refus'd,
No Serpent like a Woman when abus'd. [*Exeunt.*

Finis Actus Secundi

ACT.

ACT. III.

Scene 1.

Enter Sir Arthur Oldlove *(ridiculouſly dreſt, hung with Medals)* Tilbury, Jollyman, Dorell.

[*A Table with Scull, Sword, Vial, Shooing-horn, Box and Picktooth*, cum cæteris.

Sir Arth. SIR, 'tis no matter what the World thinks. The World think? why let it think, I ſay once agen; 'tis ſuch as we redeem loſt time from its Chaos of Confuſion; Is there any thing more pleaſant than Antiquities? The knowledge of the diſtinction of Ages, or the deeds and manners of the Ancient, I ſay is there any thing more pleaſant?——Oh happy *Romans* that took this into conſideration, for my own part I am nothing, a man of Ignorance, a meer Reptile in theſe Rarities.

Joll. Every man in his humor, and let the World rub; Appetite and Fancy are two great Monarchs that ſway Mortality, and hang pinching, udsbores 'tis fit they ſhou'd be ſatisfi'd; but good *Sir Arthur*, what are theſe? Doubtleſs theſe are Rarities too.

Sir Arth. Right Sir, and ſuch Rarities, that were their worth valu'd, the *Weſt-Indies* were too ſmall to purchaſe them.

Tilb. I warrant this has been ſome Princes or great mans Scull, 'sbodikins he looks ſtill with the face of Authority.

Sir Arth. Fie, fie, Sir, your Hat on: This Relique ſhou'd be toucht with reverence, but your ignorance muſt excuſe all——Pray ſtand a little back and give attention — This Scull, this noble prudent politick Scull, once belong'd, or as I may more properly ſay, was pertinent to the Body of *St Gawaine*, a Knight of the round Table.

Tilb. St Gawaine! A *Dutchman*, was he not? I believe I know ſome of his Relations.

Sir Arth. A *Dutchman!* oh inſupportable — Sir, did you ever know a Relique made of the Scull of a *Dutchman?* No, he was a *Britain* Sir; a hardy *Britain*, and Nephew to the famous King *Arthur* of happy memory; and this Scull was late reſident in *Dover* Caſtle, brought thither by a fam'd Antiquary, whoſe name time has outworn, and ſince purchas'd by me, to illuſtrate this City, amongſt the reſt of my memorable Antiquities.

Joll. Very well, Sir, proceed.

Sir Arth. And this here is the fam'd Hero, *Sir Lancelot du Lake's* Sword.

Tilb. I'll warrant this has been the death of many a Conſtable; but methinks, *Sir Arthur*, the Ruſt has been a little too bold with it.

Sir Arth. Ah Sir! Ruſt adds to an Antiquity, 'tis our Friend: And we that are skill'd in theſe matters, can by the Ruſt on a Sword tell how long it has been durable.

Joll. Hang pinching, 'twas well diſcover'd; I ſee a man may live and learn, tho' he be never ſo old, good Sir, forward.

Sir Arth. This here is a Shooing-horn, d'mark me—Hats off ſtill—pray obſerve it——a Shooing horn——

Joll. 'Tis ſo—— [*Call Servant.*

Sir Arth. This Shooing-horn, Gentlemen, the firſt that ever was invented, was, with reverence be it ſpoken, the neceſſary implement of the Queen of *Sheba*, and left by her careleſs Chambermaid at *Jeruſalem*, after her viſit to King *Solomon*.

Tilb. By *St Jago* an admirable diſcovery, 'sbodikins who would have thought ſo much ancient Honour could depend upon a Shooing-horn.

Joll. Very ſtrange! very ſtrange! by St. *Jago*, as you ſay; but the ſtranger the merrier, the merrier the better company, and ſo hang pinching, let the World rub.

Sir Arth. This is the Silver-box that *Nero*'s Beard was kept in; 'twas in the *Vatican* 300 Years, and lately preſented to me by a Friend of mine, a man of great authority in *Rome*.

Tilb. Somewhat like a Tobacco-box——

Sir Arth. No compariſons, good Sir, but obſerve, this is the Rubbing-Bruſh of *Silvius Otho*, and this the Picktooth of *Heliogabalus*.

Joll. Carefully preſerv'd from the ruines of time,
To grace your Study, *Sir Arthur*.

Sir Arth. Laſtly, this laſt——tho' moſt precious and beſt of all my Reliques; this Vial is full of the tears of St. *Jerom*, in former Years pendant upon the Spire of St. *Sepulchres* Steeple; but by my indulgent care and great charge redeem'd from thence when the City was on fire.

Tilb. A thing of moment, Sir, and worth your diligence.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, there's two Gentlemen below deſire admittance.

Tilb. Sbodikins my ſons, my ſons: *Sir Arthur*, I order'd them to come hither, that they might ſee the Ladies you writ me word of. Friend ſhew 'em the way up—— [*Ex.* Serv.

Sir Arth. You did well Sir; *Dorell*, go ſee if my Neece be at leiſure, and bid my daughter come hither. [*Ex.* Dor.

Joll. Ay, ay, come, hang pinching, let's ſee the Lady, let Women make up the Conſort, and then let the World rub, there's mirth and frolick in't; but without Women, udsbores 'tis prolix, 'tis impertinent, 'tis

every

every thing ill, and nothing well; hang pinching, Women, Women, I say.

Tilb. Well said 5-and-50, by St. *Jago* thou grow'st young agen, thou'rt a very Boy.

Foll. Not frozen, not frozen, heart whole, and warm enough to keep out Weather; udsbores, when I was 1-and-20, I was the sprightly'st Fellow—I cou'd have sung and danc'd, and leapt and jumpt—hey troll—faith—but 'tis past now—however I am sound—hem—not so old, but I am a jolly man still, and hang pinching, let the World rub.

Sir Arth. Well, I say still, there's nothing so becoming as Gravity.

Enter Zechiel, Toby *and* Flaile.

Tilb. Zechiel——my Boy—how dost thou—kiss me sirra—s'bud I am glad to see thee—they tell me y'are grown an arch Wag—hah—how now! what *Metamorphosis* sirra! where got you them Cloaths?

[*To* Tob.

Tob. Now must I give him a private Item, or this ignorant old Fool will disgrace me before all the company. [*Takes him aside.*

Tilb. Oh! are they so Sir? Well, God give ye joy:
But *Zechiel*, prithee, what News in Town?
Dost thou thrive—hah—

Zech. Thrive! there's a *Salisbury* question already; upon Honour, 'tis pity my Father was no better bred: Sir, the nourishing facundity pertinent to our sphere, has bestow'd a better Talent on me than can be possibly acquir'd by Fortunes donation, and therefore—Noble *Sir Arthur*, I sue to kiss your hand —— I was so bury'd in my Fathers Caresses, that I protest my eyes were Traytors ——

Sir Arth. Sir! I hope you and I shall have a nearer affinity and knowledge of one another ere long. [Tob. *surveys* Sir Arth. *Cloaths.*

Tilb. By *St Jago* my pains were ill employ'd else! Why I came to Town for that purpose——

Sir Arth. But where's your Brother Sir?

Zech. Here Sir—taking a particular view of your Habit—— Upon Honour *Sir Arthur*, methinks your Cloaths are not made according to Mode.

Sir Arth. Mode — ah good Sir, no more o'that, no Modes I beseech you: my Habit is the Mirror of my Mind, little do you know the value of this outside: Sir, in brief, 'tis more than the Kings three Dominions can purchase.

Tob. Udshash! I'd like to have spoil'd all, I took him for a Morrice-Dancer.

Sir Arth. To display my meaning more plainly Sir, this Medal was the Badge of Peace 'twixt *Scanderberg* and the *Turks*; this was the Doublet

of *Guſtavus Adolphus*; and theſe Breeches, renown'd be the tatter'd Linings, were the Breeches of *Pompey the Great*; he was call'd *Pompey the Great*, by reaſon of theſe great Breeches.

Joll. Peace be to the ancient Cobwebs betwixt the ſeams; *Sir Arthur*, your Servant, I muſt go ſeek my ſon: Odsbores here's the Lady—— I'll ſtay a little longer now, and let the World rub ——

Enter Conſtantia.

Sir Arth. How now, where's my Neece?

Conſt. Gone to the Park Sir, with my Lady *Arbella*.

Sir Arth. Park! What without my permiſſion? Paſſion o' me, I ſhall have her ſtol'n. Huſwife, this is your fault, you are ſtill prating to her of the pleaſure of Intrigues as you call 'em; Well, theſe new damnable Cuſtoms utterly undo the Nation.

Conſt. Sir, I am not her Guardian, tho' you are; nor do I think it a particular of my duty to pry into her actions.

Joll. This certainly the Lady Hurry told me of, udsbores a merry Muſhrum I'll warrant her.

Sir Arth. Well, ſince 'tis ſo, we muſt practiſe patience, and Mr *Tilbury* it ſhall be my care hereafter to have her ready for your ſons addreſſes — in the mean time, pray Daughter know this Gentleman, whom I have elected for your Husband [Zech. *hides his face, and goes backward.*] And let it be a mark of your duty to uſe him kindly. Come, Sir, along, along— a young brisk Fellow, and ſo backward— fie.

Zech. The very ſame Woman I affronted in the *Mall*; What ſhall I do, ſhe'll diſcover me.

Tilb. Why how now ſirra, what flinch, recreant, daſtard— Bodikins thou art a diſgrace to th' Family; th' *Tilburies* have been good Holders-forth for above this 90 Years, and ſhall they now be daſh'd like a Knight at a Bear-bating; for ſhame to her, to her agen I ſay, by *St Jago* I'll cudgel thee forward if thou doſt not. [Toby *breaks the Vial.*

Sir Arth. Mercy a'me, what's that?

Tob. No harm, no harm, only a little Vinegar Bottle, an accidental Miſchance, as I hope to be ſav'd *Sir Arthur*.

Sir Arth. How! the Vial! oh Heav'n the Vial! What *St Jerom!* *St Jerom's* tears! oh Hell! Fate! Death! Deſtiny! I'm undone, loſt, ruin'd for ever—the Vial! *St Jerom's* tears ſpilt, the Holy Relique ſpoil'd; oh I am miſerable, oh inſupportable loſs. Out of my doors thou Varlet: away; I abominate thee, deteſt thee, and thy whole Race for this deed, away; I ſay, *St Jerom! St Jerom!* oh diſmal accident!

Tilb. Good Sir have patience, I'll make reſtitution.

Sir Arth. Patience! Reſtitution! 'sbud both the *Indies* cannot do't: Hadſt thou burnt my Houſe, murder'd my Wife and Daughter, ſtol'n my Plate, any thing but this, I cou'd have forgiven, but to diſoblige *St Jerom*,

St Jerom,

St. Jerom; O insufferable! insufferable! 'tis a capital crime, and not to be forgotten!— [*Exit.*

Tilb. Sirra, this is your unlucky hand. Come, we must go and comfort him, he'l run mad else— [*Ex.* Tilb. Jollyman.

Const. So I hope this accident, and my Fathers anger, will be a means to keep me from the future impertinences of this Fop. Lord! how you look, Sir. What's the matter?

Zech. Nothing, Madam: onely a little troubled at my Brothers late miscarriage, and the disturbance of the Company.

Const. You may repair that inconvenience in the *Mall* to night Sir— there will be variety.

Zech. A pox on her, she has discover'd us! Well, Madam, I guess your meaning; and, though my behaviour express'd a little too much the freedom of the age. That I can give my self this satisfaction, That I did nothing but what was Courtly, and like a Gentleman.

Const. A Gentleman of the first rate I grant, Sir; that is, an insignificant Squire, whose addresses are so formal and common, that your *Fleetstreet* Prentices have better, whose head, hands, and body are diversly imploy'd in fashioning a bow; and, when he speaks, he might be call'd a walking Bagpipe, being oblig'd to his nose for gracing his utterance.

Tob. Nay, if you talk of Noses, here's a Nose, and udshash, under the Rose, another manner of Nose than yours is, if you go to that.

Const. Suitable to the owners person, I confess; and were my judgment askt in this particular, I shou'd guess your Nose and Understanding to be much of a length; onely there is this difference, your Nose is more visible, but both very equivalent to your person and behaviour.

Tob. Madam, let me entreat you to be so much your own friend, as not to question my behaviour. The shame will be yours, if you do, I assure you that— 'Sbud, I knew how to behave my self, before you knew how to — (mum, I had like to have spoke it—) to discern behaviour.

Const. Your brisk air, bone Meine, and gentile garb expresses it, Sir. You are the exact picture of your Brother there: Nature drew you from its Copy. And, Sir, she has furnisht you, as the World may see, and you your self doubtless imagine, with all graces pertinent to your Sex: but we are seated in so relentless an Air, that I protest I am blind to your perfection, and you appear to me a very ordinary person, considering the advantages you have of Impertinence, Impudence, and good Clothes. What your Brother may be in my Lady *Fickles* eyes I know not: but if she desires his Company as little as I yours, we shall both sleep without dreaming. *Call* Jollyman.

Zech. Damme, I'le be gone. This eternal sleerer will jear me to a Consumption.— Come *Toby*, let's to the Tavern, and rore to night: I'le

warrant

warrant thee I le procure a Couple of Females, that ſhall be good Company, and glad of ours——This is the moſt everlaſting Repertee—— Ounds, ſhe has given me the Griping of the Guts in ſtudying an Anſwer—— Come, come away.

Tob. Will. I am certainly the unlucky'ſt fellow in the World: Why ſhould not I be now as witty as thee?——but onely Natures a ſon of a Whore, Deſtiny's a Slut, and Fortunes a Bitch; or elſe Men had had predominance in talk, not Women: well, the Devil will have e'm for't one day, that's my comfort. [*Exeunt.*

Conſt. Hard fate of Women, that beſtow your hearts where is no return: and that often hate ſuch as love e'm. If *Manley* knew I lov'd him, I queſtion the ſucceſs, and yet without a hazard nothing is perfected. I wonder I have no Anſwer of my Letter. I'm ſure he had it: but I muſt have patience, I expect th' event, as time gives opportunity.

Enter Jollyman.

Joll. Your ſervant Lady.
Your Father's in an extravagant rage yonder about breaking his Viniger Bottle. His Relique, as he calls it. Nothing can pacify him. He ſwears he will fill another with his own tears, and never ſtir abroad till 'tis finiſht.

Conſt. 'Tis, what pleaſes his humour, Sir. I hope he has gain'd ſo much of time to ſatisfie himſelf in every particular, without diſgracing his Quality, or reproaching his years.

Joll. Prettily expreſt that: Udsbores, Madam, you ſpeak well, pithy, and to the purpoſe. My Son *Harry* has a Love-intrigue with a Lady that lodges in this houſe, and pardon my preſumption, at firſt I thought you to be the perſon.

Conſt. No Sir! I am not the perſon; and, becauſe I am loath to ſee good Nature abus'd, I le tell you a ſecret. Therefore know, this perſon your Son loves is at this time engag'd to twenty beſides this old Gentlemans ſon you ſaw here.

Joll. How! Twenty pretenders!

Conſt. At leaſt, Sir: all which ſhe wheadles for revenge or profit, without the leaſt deſign of Love or Marriage: for to tell you the truth, Sir, (however ſecretly ſhe carries it) ſhe's marry'd already.

Joll. Why then my Son is wheadled.

Conſt. Very near the brink of a precipice aſſure your ſelf.

Joll. Ile go inſtantly and diſingage him: This was a lucky diſcovery, my Son gull'd: no, my Caution ſhall ſecure him from the danger, and then let the World rub.

Conſt. Sir, I had not preſum'd to ſo free a Relation, had I not known how nearly it concerns you, who bear an eſtimable Character amongſt

amongſt the greateſt Grandees. Sir, I beg your pardon, I muſt viſit my Father. [*Ex. Conſtance.*

Jol. Udsbores, a Woman of pretty parts, and methinks of an excellent humour —— hah —— old *Harry*, not ſo old yet but ſuch a Nut may be crackt: but more of this hereafter. Now to my Son, I'le get his neck out of the Nooſe, and then follow my own Deſignes as occaſion ſerves. [*Exit.*

Scene 2. *Covent-Garden, Letter.*

Harr. Melancholly is either the dregs of Sickneſs or Love, and may properly be term'd the poiſon of life, and the odium of Society; for a Man of Wit that is melancholly, and ſayes nothing, is in my opinion as unneceſſary a Creature, as a man that wants wit, and ſayes every thing.

Man. I have as few pretenſions to Melancholly as to the Wit you ſpeak of; the one diſagreeing with my Conſtitution, and the other ſurpaſſing my Capacity. 'Tis true, I am ſomewhat troubled at the receipt of a Paper here, which is the reaſon my face is not dreſt in my wonted aire: but I think 'twill hardly induce me to be very melancholly.

Harr. A paper! prithee, What is't a Challenge?

Man. No, Sir, I have good fortune ſeldome to look on ſuch Miſſives as Challenges with a clouded brow. 'Tis a Letter from a ſtranger that knowes my Amours, and takes the confidence upon her to tell me here, My Miſtreſs is the moſt inconſtant of Women.

Harr. I'l lay my life a malitious deſign of ſome Jilt or other, that intends you for her particular uſe.

Man. The Letter diſcovers ſome affection in the Writer: but my thoughts can never carry me to a belief, it can come from any of my former Miſtreſſes: for I know none of e'm is acquainted with my preſent Intrigue —— here, prithee read it.

Harr. IF *your Sex had as great a value for ſincere affection, as for inconſtancy, you wou'd not be ſo ignorant of your preſent condition, nor cherish a Serpent that delights to ſting ye; I mean your Miſtris, who, to my knowledge hates ye, as much as another loves you, whom your ſelf-will'd indifference has made miſerable.*

I confeſs this is Myſtical: yet carries a greater reſemblance of truth, then firſt I imagin'd.

Man. An Oracle by heaven: and the Devil is ſo cunning, that with imaginary doubts, it adds an intollerable addition to my misfortunes.

Harr.

Harr. 'Tis certainly a general plague, pertinent to all Mankind, for I have a Mistriss that I mistrust too, and were she not extremely obliging when I am with her I shou'd be more dubious: for I never come to visit her, but some Kinsman or other comes to interrupt us: so that certainly she must have a World of Relations, or else I have this Misfortune, to come just at their hours for business ——

Man. My fate to a tittle: by heaven just so I am tormented. I am scarce yet within dores —— but I am molested with some Uncle or other.

Harr. She calls her self *Cleio*, one of the Muses; and, to pursue that humour, I went to visit her last night, and ingag'd three or four friends to entertain her with a Dance, where we were fain to stay an hour ere we cou'd get admittance.

Man. I hope at last your patience was well rewarded by her kind acceptance of your gallantry?

Harr. Indifferently: she appear'd to be very merry, and expresst a gracefull thanks for the Diversion I gave her; for, the Truth is, I accosted her in this manner, the more to endear her to approve my passion: I having that very morning spoke with one, that ignorantly confest, his Father brought him to Town, upon design to Marry her.

Man. That was a lucky discovery. I hope you was not idle in your endeavour of supplanting him——

Harr. No gad, I did make the best on't I cou'd: for I went instantly to her, and with the best Rhetorick I had, endeavour'd to weed the Fool out of her thoughts: 'Twas fortunes bounty also to me, to find her at leasure, and alone; for had her Guardian Unckle, Sir *Arthur*, been at home, it had been impossible to have had any access to her.

Man. Who, Sir! Who? pray that last again.

Harr. Sir *Arthur Oldlove*. The Antiquary here in *Bridges-street*, she's his Niece, a Widow, an approv'd fortune.

Man. Hell and the Devil. The very same Woman I have so sigh'd for: but I see he's ignorant that I am his Rival, and I'l get all I can out of him, that I may have the more to upbraid her with: Well, Sir, you made a happy conclusion, I doubt not she was kind without scruple afterwards, hah——

Harr. By Heav'n, kinder than I expected: she told me, I had the largest share in her heart, and spoke the tweetest, softest things, 'twould melt a man to hear. I presented her a pair of Diamond Pendants, which she unwillingly receiv'd; and, as a Crown of my Courtship, told me at parting, she had just before thrust away an impertinent Suitor, that came to make addresses, purposely to make room for me.

Man. Very well. Dam her, she entertains a Legion: I'l visit her instantly, and with the extremest sentiments of rage and jealousie, throw'r my afflicted thoughts into her perfidious breast.

Harr.

Harr. What say'ſt thou, was it not pleaſant? what a pox not a word? methinks thou doſt not reliſh my diſcourſe.

Man. As well as a Rival can Sir: One that has the fate to follow the wheel of your Chariot, whilſt you triumph in Loves Empire: Hark'ee, for your further ſatisfaction, this Woman you ſpeak of is my Miſtriſs too, the very ſame perſon intimated in this Letter: one that I have Courted this ſix Moneths, and was in hopes within a week more to have Marry'd.

Harr. How, Sir, Marry'd to my Miſtriſs?

Man. Ay, Sir, to our general Miſtreſs; for, as far as reaſon imbelliſhes my judgment, I am apt to believe you, and I come but in the Rear of twenty more.

Harr. Now the plots unravell'd: I begin to have a knowledge of the viſitant Kinſman that us'd to moleſt us.

Man. One of which I'm of opinion often uſurp'd your ſhape: all will out at laſt, Sir: And, I'm reſolv'd I'll not reſt till I'm reſolv'd that I may be in a capacity of revenging my ſelf in the blood of him that dares uſurp my right in her affection. [*Ex.* Manly.

Harr. Fortune was a damn'd Jilt to make me diſcover my intrigue, nay to my Rival: The onely man I ſhou'd conceal it from. Well, I muſt not ſleep in this buſineſs: if ſhe be falſe, my loſs is the leſs: but, if conſtant,

My Sword my Rival's claimes muſt ſtrait remove,
Bravely he dies that Victim falls to Love. [*Exit.*

Enter L. Fickle, Arbella, *and* Friendlove *diſguis'd.*

Arb. So much Beauty, and ſo many attractive graces I know cannot want adorers: but, too many Lovers, Madam, in my opinion, is like too much Money, The abundance of enjoying takes away the pleaſure of poſſeſſion.

L. Fick. What you call much Beauty in Me, is ſo little, that this complement you make me, argues, Madam, a defect in your judgment: and as to my ſervants, which you call my adorers, they are ſo few, and thoſe ſo meanly fetter'd, that I am beholden to fortune more than Beauty, for the credit I have got in the World.

Arab. Fy, fy; I ſwear you wrong your ſelf: your perfections are the general diſcourſe of the Town.

Fick. The Impertinence of Fops and Citizens——a man of wit can find a better ſubject.

Arb. I hope you think my Lord *Bellamore* a Wit; and, to my knowledge, you are the onely Saint he adores: a pretty man by Heav'n, tall, ſtrait, and well proportion'd, onely a little vain, an intollerable Talker, that's his worſt fault.

Fick. Now is this, to my knowledge, a Lye of her own Invention, The monstrous effects of envy and jealousie —— *Aside.*

Arb. The happiness I wish you, you may guess in the contentment I shall receive in seeing you so well marry'd.

Fick. If constancy and immaculate affection may merit happiness, I doubt not but to have as large a portion as another, but want of desert makes me suspect th' event, although I know he loves me —— This searches her —— *Aside.*

Arb. Insufferable! confession! Oh I cou'd kill her, *Aside.*

Fick. Happy chance! see yonder he comes.

Arb. I'll take my leave.

Fick. Oh fy! By no means, Madam, pray stay a little longer.

Arb. I will not for the World. Some other time I'll give you a reason. Till when your humble Servant.

Enter Bellamore, *as she goes out, meets her.*

Bell. Madam! the Parks unhappy, so soon to lose the pleasure of your company.

Arb. Your ear my Lord —— *Whispers.*

Fick. Here is certainly some plot contriving, her wheadling me and whispering with him sufficiently declares it: and, by heaven, I'll search into the depth of Magick, but I ll find it out; I am already sufficiently prepar'd with arguments: and, the more difficulty lies in the matter, the better 'tis often perform'd: hard shifts, and dangerous plots suit Womens Wits better than dull adventures; and, whilst in tedious search dull men run on, arm'd by our minutes thought, the thing is done.

Bell. To morrow, Madam, I will not fail —— *Ex. Arb.* now if you had so much Divinity in you, as wou'd amount to a scruple of Conscience, you'd be in a continual fear of future ill, for drawing me from the innocent conversation of this Lady.

Fick. The innocent conversation!

Bell Ay, Madam. She's a Soul-saving Creature, a female-Moralist, her discourse is a continual Sermon, and has the same influence that an Ague has upon me, I do so tremble.

Fick. I imagin'd it a kind of quaking Zeal, never durable an hour. *Jack Manly*, thine, Dear Rogue!

Enter Manley.

Man. What Melancholly! qualmish! The sting of a debauch last night I warrant.

Fick.

Fic. By heav'n my t'other Suitor. 'Twas happy I brought my Masque ——This will disguise me. —— *Puts on her Masque.*

Man. In one sence you are right; for, Loves grand influence consider'd nearly, is but a debauch, and we our selves the Parasites that sooth it.

Bell. 'Tis so: and therefore why shou'd men of honour, that practice the Distinction, and know better, resent its treachery: Prithee, What is it, *Jack?*

Man. A thing of nothing, and yet every thing that cou'd torment me! Oh that dull appetite shou'd make a Monarch of the slave of Nature, to tyranize over that noble Soul that gave it first its being.

Bell. Dangerous resentments, by heav'n, *Jack*: but, prithee discover, come, be genuine.

Man. I receiv'd a Letter this morning from a stranger, skill'd it seems in my Amour, full of invectives against my *Celia*, especially of her inconstancy. This I confess troubled me, for the reasons urg'd: it had some appearance of Truth, and afterward conferring with young *Jollyman*, whose misfortune seem'd to suit with mine, he made so ample a discovery, that I found we were Rivals, and that this false one Carest him more than me: and, in all probability, entertains several others. This put me into so extravagant a rage, that had not my curiosity of knowing the truth, ty'd my hand, my Sword had pleaded my interest; I am going now to her Lodging to be resolv'd ——

Fick. If he had seen me now, here had been fine work! How near are my plots to discovery? —— *Aside.*

Bell. Gad 'tis a business of importance.

Man. So much, that by heaven I am resolved to search it through. *Exit.*

Fick. So! now will I instantly home, and perswade him, that all is false, and onely the motions of envy. Come my Lord, shall we go—— *Dorel!* bid the Coachman come round to St. *James*'s Gate.

Bell. What is that Fellow? I never saw him before.

Fick. Sir *Arthur* entertain'd him in his service to day to look to his accompt.

Bell. And, brush his antiquities——ha, ha, ha.

Fick. Never was man so besotted: he dares not sleep o'nights for fear of Thieves.

Bell. Dam him and his old Imaginations: Let us mind our own business: Come, let's to the Mulberry Garden; I ha' not treated you this week: methinks we live already as we were Marry'd, not a word of Love in a whole Scene of Discourse.

Fick. 'Tis better i'th' Heart than in the Tongue; besides, from a Man of quality, Love has so strange a sound: nay, in my opinion, the Eyes are the best Orator, and now and then the Serious Look, with a short sigh for a Prologue.

Bell. Thus! ha!

Fick. And ſometimes the exalting the hand to the lip, with a ſhort Kiſs and away.

Bell. Thus. *Kiſſes her.*

Enter Manley.

Man. Now I conſider better, I ſhall have occaſion to be punctual to an hour: My Lord, prithee lend me your Watch: hah—— blood and death, What do I ſee?

Fick. Return'd agen! this was a Curs'd trick of fate.

Man. Ungrateful Traitreſs! now I plainly ſee (all I have heard is true.) Perfidious *Celia*: more falſe than Crocodills, that mourn the ſlain, and yet delight to kill 'em: Do you not bluſh? Are you ſo arm'd with impudence, this object cannot ſtartle? yea, this beguil'd object, that bath'd his paſſion in warm Tears of blood, and laid it at your feet, deceitful *Celia.*

Bell. *Celia*! What a miſtake is this, by heaven my Friend's mad.

Fick. Now Wit aſſiſt me, or I'm loſt. Mad——Why d'ee not ſee't? look, look how his eyes rowle; how pale his lips are; ſee how his Perriwig ſtares with his wild paſſion; his hands and body tremble. Oh this *Celia*'s a cruel Wretch.

Man. Ah, perfection of ill: Wou'd you convert your infamy? Diſguiſe your falſhood in my ſhroud of madneſs? No, no; it ſhall not do. Madam, all ſhall out, aſſure your ſelf it ſhall.

Fick. So handſome, ſo well compos'd a man: Oh heavens what pity 'tis: run, my Lord, run to the Gate, and call your Footman to fetch a Doctor! two houres in ſuch a fit will kill him.

Man. Stay, my Lord, and hear me——I'll diſcover all — This Lady——

Fick. Ah, delay not a minute, as you love his life! *Shreeks out.* My Lord——away, away.

Bell. Poor *Manley*, thou ſhalt not dye for want of ſo ſmall a Courteſie. *Exit.*

Man. Well, Madam, What's your deſign in this? What new plot is contriving?

Fick. Oh heav'n! Am I thus requited? Sir, I never expected ſuch an action from you: Was there no way to augment my miſery but this? *Weeps.*

Man. Your miſery! Ha, ha, ha. Your miſery!——

Fick. You know well enough that this is the perſon my Uncle deſigns to Marry me, and that 'tis impoſſible for me ever to ſee you, if he knows you are his Rival.

Man. Hah, this may be true; for he has formerly told me ſomething of

an

an Intrigue like this: Well, ſuppoſe this true Madam, I am ſure Mr *Jollyman* is a perſon not intereſted in your Uncles favour, though in yours.

Fick. In mine! That an impertinent Serenader, only accepted for the Company's ſake he brought with him, ſhou'd have the impudence to talk thus. [*Call* Bellmore *Footman.*

Man. He proteſted it to me a truth, and ſwore your extravagant favour exceeded his hopes.

Fick. And you believ'd it: Well, I'll take care with whom I truſt my heart agen —— [*Weeps.*

Man. Ugh, I can hardly believe this; yet ſure theſe tears are real, it muſt be ſo--- Come, I do believe thee, forgive me *Celia*; and conſider how inſupportable is Jealouſie lodg'd in a Lovers breaſt.

Fick. If I had not hit of this Plot, what ſhou'd we have done then? I warrant you won't believe I love you yet.

Man. By this I do, thou haſt confirm'd it in me.

Fick. He'll come back immediately, and I wou'd not have him ſee you for the World; therefore be gone, I'll expect you this Evening at my Uncles.

Man. I will not fail you Sweet, I am glad it happens thus. [*Ex.*

Fick. Ha, ha, ha!

Thus with the ſnowy Veil of Innocence,
Contriving Women cover their pretence;
When Women weep, look, Gallants, for ſurprize,
For all deceit lies drencht in wat'ry eyes.

Enter Bellmore *and* Footman.

Bell. There's a Coach ready at the Park Gate, how now, where is he?

Fick. Ah! gone, gone, all my entreaties could not ſtay him, frighted, I believe, at my naming a Doctor; I ſaw him croſs the *Mall*, but in ſuch a ſtrange poſture, that caus'd both pity and admiration in all that beheld him.

Bell. Poor *Jack*, I ſee the fits of Madneſs are as ſudden, as thoſe of Love, and commonly work the ſame effects, Fate keep me from the tryal of it; for Exceſs in any thing is a perfect torment, eſpecially this Modiſh Paſſion we Men ſo hunt after, and which is ſo generally admir'd, though conducing to Madneſs. ——

He that of Loves ripe Joyes takes over meaſure,
Abates his Bliſs, and loſes half the pleaſure. [*Ex.*

The End of the Third Act.

ACT.

ACT. IV.

Scene 1.

Enter Sir Arthur, Tilbury, Jollyman *and* Friendlove, *al.* Dorel.

Sir Arth. URge me no more, Sir, you have my answer, my final and punctual answer, I will proceed no further in this business; nor shall my Neece join issue with a man so wild, and so unfortunate: *St Jerom*'s tears spilt, my treasure, my chiefest treasure lost, a blessing which this forty Years we cherish'd, snatcht from me in an instant! oh unparalleld misfortune! I say, let him forbear my house.

Tilb. Well, of a Knight, and a Justice of Peace, this is the simplest man of Worship I ever saw; good Sir, let it not so nearly concern you, you shall have restitution, by *St Jago* I'll sell half my Estate, but I'll make you amends; What a Pox, d'ee think I'll be ungrateful?

Sir Arth. Half your Estate! a pretty Proposition; 'sbud, Sir, the Grand Signiors Revenue would not purchase a drop on't.

Joll A very costly Liquot by *Mahomet*, I think that *Turkish* Oath sounds well — hah ——

Sir Arth. Old Oaths are not to be despis'd, Sir, therefore by *Melchizedech*, which, I conceive, was well thought on, my resolution s fixt, your son shall be a stranger to my house, my daughter is not for him, tell him so; 'zlid shou'd he come here, within a Week I should have my ancient Medals of the *Romans* plaid off at Gaming-houses.

Tilb. Sir, upon my Reputation, he knows not what belongs to a Gaming-house; alas Sir! You are ignorant of his Principles, he's Countrey bred, Sir — Countrey Learning, Country Manners, and Countrey Wit; 'sbodikins he knows nothing of the Town.

Sir Arth. But he may know every thing in time, Sir; and I'll harbour no person within my doors, whose future knowledge is more dangerous than his present.

Joll Udsbores a necessary Maxim.

Sir Arth. Trouble your self no more, Sir, my Will is my Law; and tho' I am a Justice of the Peace and *Quorum*, I think my proceedings in this both necessary and judicial — My Neece is an Heiress, and there is great care requir'd in her bestowing; nor shall my Daughter match into a Family, when I give such evident proofs of my dislike. Mr *Tilbury*, you, as being my old acquaintance, shall be welcome to my house; but give me leave to tell you, my eyes are open'd to your sons folly, you understand me, I do not like their tricks Sir.

Tilb. Tricks Sir! —— I find 'tis you have your tricks Sir —— But by *St Jago* I'll go See my Lawyer immediately, force ſhall compel what good words cannot perſuade; and I've a Bag of old *Harry-Groats* have lay'n by me theſe twenty Years, which I'll ſcatter amongſt the Gownmen, rather than be thus abus'd. [*Ex.* Tilb.

Sir Arth Old *Harry Groats!* What pity 'tis ſo meritorious an Antiquity ſhould be ſo ill employ'd — is he gone?

Dorr. Yes Sir —— juſt turn'd the corner of the ſtreet in ſo haſty and diſcompos'd a manner, that it argues him plotting ſome buſineſs of importance.

Sir Arth. Wou'd he were here agen. Now wou'd I rather his ſon ſhould have my daughter, than that he ſhould waſte any of that precious money.

Joll. Let it go, let it go, there's enough to be had in *Lumberſtreet:* But, *Sir Arthur*, to my preſent affair; ſince you have been ſo generous to deny him your daughter, I hope my addreſs may be ſucceſsful.

Sir Arth. Troth, Sir, Hope is very neceſſary in this affair; and if you can but hope my daughter will like your Perſon and Years, as well as I like your Eſtate, your Hope will have as ample a Field to range in, as any mans I know.

Joll. My Perſon and Years —— Why, Sir, 'tis impoſſible ſhe ſhou'd diſlike it; whatever my Years are, I aſſure you my Imagination is but One-and-twenty.

Sir Arth. But, Sir, in the ſpace of a Week, the ſtrength of your Imagination will be worn away, and your Perſon will be left to the deliberate age of Eight-and-fifty a month or two over.

Joll. No, 'tis three months under by my faith, *Sir Arthur*, and what, then? With me 'tis an age of 21; Look in my face, Sir, obſerve how the blood mounts; here, here's your Complection, without art, *fucus*, or any thing. —— Then, Sir, peruſe my Perſon —— Hah —— I think I am well ſet — Hem — And as ſound as another man — Beſides, I can talk well, walk well, and make Water well —— which, udsbores, is as provoking a quality as any man is Maſter of.

Sir Arth. Sir, in a young man I confeſs theſe are additions; but a man that has the misfortune to decline into the vail of Years, were he really Maſter of all this, wou'd not get credit with the World, he would not be believ'd.

Joll. Not believ'd! Sir, my actions ſhall give continual demonſtration, I am not in the Catalogue of your infirm perſons; my Back, Sir, is ſtrong, my Body active; nor has my infirmity been ſo much my Foe, to abate any part of my vigour: But I can Run, Wreſtle, Fight, or Play a Game at Tennis with any Spark i'th' City, and let the World rub. To confirm you, you ſhall ſee me do't — (Not believ'd!) Udsbores you ſhall ſee me Ride the Great Horſe, or jump over a Stick for the King of *England*.

Sir Arth.

Sir Arth. Well Sir, I will consider on't——in the mean time address your self to my daughter; come, you shall sup with me: *Dorrel*, if any one ask for me —— I am not at leisure ——be careful, and let no eye be Spectator of my Rarities without my knowledge, come Sir—— [*Ex.*

Dorell *manet.*

Dorell. The uncertain Dice of Fate thus far runs well, and my designs are prosperous ——My disguise, shrowd to my troubled mind as well as person, secures me yet from knowledge; and my eye attains the liberty to gaze at all her actions, and yet pass undiscover'd——Oh curs'd Jealousie, how crooked are thy paths!

Enter Bellamore *and* Arbella.

Bell. Unconstant, and to me! by Heav'n 'tis so strange a Notion, that methinks 'tis incredible.

Arb. And why incredible? Lord how you Men are deceiv'd in your opinion! You term your selves Princes and Lords of Nature, imagining the easie tempers of Women slaves to your nobler quality; and yet for all your pretences, to my knowledge some of you are often mistaken.

Bell. Well, if she be false——

Arb. What then?

Bell. Why then she's damn'd, that's one comfort however; but Madam, this extraordinary favour in you, obliges me in gratitude to a return. Shall I wait on you to your Lodging, by Heav'n I hate ingratitude? Come, Madam, what satisfaction?

Arb. Such a question to a mercenary Spirit, might perhaps be accepted under the Notion of gratitude, but you having a perfect knowledge of my quality, and obliging temper, give me leave to tell you, my Lord, 'twas very unbecoming, especially from the mouth of a Man of Honour.

Bell. I gad I mean it cordially, and if my service——

Arb. Hold, Sir, y'are observ'd, yonder's *Sir Arthur*'s Man from him, you may doubtless learn the truth of all, my presence will be unnecessary, therefore I'll withdraw——So, I hope this will wean him—— [*Ex.*

Dor. This is one of her Suitors, now for a new discovery, and I'm resolv'd to be prepar'd for him——Your Lordships humble Servant——

Bell. Dorel, Come hither, I've some business with thee.

Dor. 'Tis too much Honour, my Lord.

Bell. I long have lookt on thee as on a Man above the common Pile of Menial Servants; and since I know thee such, I dare request a secret from thy tongue to me of great importance; Come, I'll bind thee to me in golden Fetters; shall I trust to thee?—— [*Gives a Purse.*

Dor.

Dor. I am your Lordships Creature, and if my ability extend to serve your Lordship, I am proud on't.
Sure he has not discover'd me. [*Aside.*

Bell. I'll try thee instantly. The truth is, *Dorell*, I am grown jealous of my Mistriss, several Reports declare she is unconstant; and tho' I do not positively believe 'em, yet Gad I must confess they trouble me; now I know thou hast a Catalogue of all her Suitors, and know'st all her intrigues, prithee disclose 'em, am I the Man or no, or has she others?

Dor. This is so dangerous a point, my Lord, I know not how to answer.

Bell. Fear nothing, but speak to th' purpose, I'll be so much thy friend, thou shalt not need to fear the frowns of any.

Dor. My Lord, there is one Mr *Manley* comes hither often.

Bell. So, who else?

Dor. And one Mr *Jollyman*; I heard her sware one night she'd marry him.

Bell. Very good, prithee proceed — oh perfidious Traytress. [*Aside.*

Dor. Now has he a fretting Feaver on him. Several others there are my Lord that visit her as Pretenders, but with what success I know not, one of 'em I heard her appoint to visit her to night; and because your Lordship shall see how willing I am to serve a person of so much worth--Follow me, and I'll place you, where you shall, unseen, hear all their Courtship.

Bell. Do that, I am thine for ever.

Dor. More than that, owes Tribute to your Bounty; Come my Lord-- [*Ex.*

Enter Manley *and* Constantia.

Man. Can t'his be real, Madam?

Const. True as Heav'n;
I swear she is the falsest of her Sex,
Designing Love upon fallacious terms,
Without a spark of passion or desire
To possess him that Courts her——

Man. Perjur'd Creature, ——
Oh Heav'n that Providence gave Man a heart
To lose in such Abyss of Treachery;
But, Madam, is there no ocular proof to be given of this?

Const. There is Sir, and to that purpose I brought you hither; My Chamber joins to hers, whence from a private Closet door you may hear all; one of her Suitors is now with her, and by their discourse you may soon guess the truth of her treachery; for doubtless 'twill be amorous enough, and very suitable to such an adventure.

Man. O Dam her! Dam her! Is this her Constancy! Madam, the

Debt of Gratitude I owe you for this discovery, is so far above my present ability —

Const. Good Sir, no more of that — but follow me ——

Man. All her feign'd Caresses come to this! a Curse upon the Sex — Madam, I wait your leisure. [*Ex Ambo.*

Scene discovers L. Fickle *in a Morning Gown, and* Harry *sitting.*

L. Fick. And cou'd you credit so ridiculous an Asseveration, knowing how tender my Caresses have been to ye, I thought my actions might have given you sufficient demonstration of my constancy.

Har. By Heav'n I never doubted it, I confess I was a little surpriz'd to hear him say he was at the expence of a six months Courtship, and within a Week more it was to terminate in Marriage. But now you have told me his intrigue with Madam *Constantia*, I am very sensible of the mistake, —

L. Fick. Had I not told you, I'll lay my life you wou'd ha' been jealous.

Har. No, no, Faith I shou'd not — jealous! — I know I have no cause, thou art the Heav'n of truth, and in thy breast *Astrea* reigns and triumphs. Suspect thy Faith, what Fiend cou'd be so envious? I'll prove thy Constancy as firm as Fate, and against all defend it.

L. Fick. So, I think I have carry'd matters rarely. [*Aside.*

Har. But, Madam, pardon me, if I presume to ask you why our interview is to be thus i'th' dark?

L. Fick. 'Tis because *Sir Arthur*'s coming often into the next Room, seeing a Light here, will be very apt to come and disturb us.

Har. 'Sdeath —— I've ignorantly left my Sword and Gloves upon the Table there, which shou'd he come in, would infallibly discover my being here — I'll go fetch 'em immediately. [*Ex.* Har.

Enter Nurse *(with a Light) in a Morning Gown.*

L. Fick. How now, what's the matter?

Nur. Oh sweet Madam —— ugh — I am so out of breath, there's the basest Plot contriving —

L. Fick. A Plot! prithee what Plot?

Nur. Where's the Gentleman? get him into another Room, or you'll both be discover'd immediately.

L. Fick. How prithee? by what means?

Nur. Madam *Constantia* has watch'd you all this night, with an intent to betray you. I saw her bring Mr *Manly* into her Chamber, I'm confident with design to place him where he may hear the discourse 'twixt you and the Gentleman.

L. Fick. *Manley* brought hither by *Constantia*! her envy now is apparent—What shall I do *Nurse*?

Nur. Alas! I know not—Fire the House, I think, and say you call'd him in for help.

L. Fick. No, so dangerous a Remedy must not be try'd—Humm—I have it—Sit you down, and personate me, our Gowns are alike—and in the dark there can be no difference in Faces—He's in the next Room, looking for his Sword, when he comes, feign my voyce, and Cares him like a Lover; in the mean time I'll go, and with a Counterplot deceive both *Manley* and *Constantia*.

Prosper designs, and by this Act I'll try
Which is the *Witty'st False One* She or I—— [*Exit with the light.*

Nurse sits in the Chair.

Nur. Well, I've known the time when I've employ'd my self in such an Adventure with a better Will—But however I'll warrant I'll fit him with a Repertee—I am not so old, but I can Repertee as well as another, if occasion serve.

Enter Harry *with a Sword.*

Har. 'Tis so dark, that igad I could hardly find the Table. Where art thou my Dear?

Nur. Here my Dear.

Har. I have been often thinking on the products of time, and have often wonder'd how they employ'd themselves before the Deluge——When Love was like the storming of a Castle attain'd by violence, not as now, with fair words, address, and insinuation; Men were not then such Fools to kiss a Glove—fall on their knees and sigh—igad they were wiser in those dayes—I——— [*Kisses and embraces her.*

Nur. Fie, fie, I protest you are not civil——D'ee know who I am——

Enter Manley *(peeping) and* Constantia,

Const. D'ee hear 'em Sir——They're yonder in th' Alcove.

Man. I do Madam, and am sufficiently confirm'd in her treachery; but hush——let's observe.

Const. Sir, I'll go and get a Coach to the Garden gate, that you may get away undiscover'd——I think——— [*Ex.* Constan.

Man. This was well plotted——

Nur. I protest! methinks your carriage is too Licentious, and in my opinion you treat me ill—Your Love shou'd still be cloath'd with a re-

ſpect due to my Youth and Beauty——But I vow you'r ſo wanton——

Man. Very well—ſhe'll deny this anon—— [*Aſide.*

Harr. Can any ill arrive from ſo much Love, I ſwear there cannot, Madam; your charms are ingraven in my heart, and in my ſoul your virtues——I die when you are abſent, and 'tis your influence that raiſes me from death to new-born life, and makes me currant from the droſs of Nature.

Nur. Give me no cauſe to doubt what you have ſaid, I then ſhall be contented; but I proteſt you Men are ſo ſubject to flatter, and we poor tender young creatures are ſo apt to believe, that it often proves very prejudicial——

Man. She doubts his Love——oh death——I ſhall want patience——

Harr. To flatter thee—by Heav'n 'tis a thing ſo far from me, I hardly know its meaning: Let Paraſites, ſuch as get Bread by fawning, flatter their Patrons: Let the empty Fopp, that's ſenſible of ſome defect in Nature, and ſees the little beauty in his Miſtriſs, flatter her to exalt it, but in me it wou'd appear a Crime unpardonable, your Luſtre wants no foiles; but like a Diamond in his Native Rock, you ſhine without the aid of Art or Flattery.

Nur. Now by my quondam Maidenhead this is very pretty, well Sir, you ſhall find my heart—— [*Coughs.*

Man. And Lungs pray Heaven——wou'd ſhe might Cough 'em out——ſhe has catch'd cold with ſitting up ſo late.
Oh damn'd Incendiary. [*Aſide.*

Harr. Could I live out *Methuſalah*'s long Age, or number Years with the old Patriarchs, and every day ſtudy new Themes of Virtue, I could not merit half ſo great a bleſſing; brighteſt of Women, freſher than the Dew that early ſits on Roſes——oh I'm rapt with my own happineſs!

Nur. Well, as I'm Virtuous this is fine——I ſee I ſhall not be able to hold out long——I ſhall grow bold with him——I hope, Sir, my Love deſerves this from you, you have entire poſſeſſion of my heart——and tho' I have broke my faith with all my other Suitors, I've kept it firm for you.

Enter L. Fickle *behind him.*

L. Fick. Sir, Sir! [*Pulls him.*

Man. Limb of the Devil——I hear her Madam, I hear her.

L. Fick. You ſhould not hear 'em Sir, pray come back, they are Lovers——

Man. Lovers, Dam 'em—Have a little patience, I'll wait on you immediately——

L. Fick.

L. Fick. I Swear you're uncivil, Sir, thus to disturb e'm— for heaven's sake come away— *He turns back, sees her, and starts.*

Man. Wonder of wonders—Is there two *Celia*'s— or, Am I in a Dream?

Nurse. Yonder's a Light—Let's step in here—I fear, Sir *Arthur*'s coming— [Ex. Harry *and* Nurse.

L. Fick. What ailes you, Sir? For heav'ns sake why d'ee stare so! Dee yee not know me!

Man. By Heav'n I know not: Are you *Celia?*

L. Fick. What strange questions are these, You know I am?

Man. And, Is that yonder *Celia* too?

L. Fick. Heav'n! What a humour's this? That *Celia?* No: 'tis a Lady that lodges here, one that Mr. *Jollyman* Courts.

Man. Young *Jollyman!*

L. Fick. *Jollyman?* yes— What d'ee wonder at? if this humour hold, you need not counterfeit a Madness.

Man. By heav'n you are right—I am mad! stupid, insensibly mad: and have been so these three hours—'Sdeath, Was ever any thing so strange as this? sure I've been enchanted; pray Madam give me leave to question yee, Where have you been all this night?

L. Fick. In my Chamber—Sir——expecting you.

Man. Who told you I was here?

L. Fick. *Constantia*; I met her coming up stairs; and, seeing me, she brake into a violent laughter; and asking her the reason, she told me, she had put a pleasant trick upon you; and then fell a Laughing till she shook agen.

Man. I'gad I have been trickt, that's the truth on't—— Oh the Devil, Am I thus abus'd?

L. Fick. This from a Woman that lov'd yee, is very strange——Who did you expect to find?

Man. You—she told me you was in that *Alcove*, and plac'd me to hear you— where I have stood this half hour in the most insufferable Torture! the Agony of jealousie and despair, that 'tis impossible to express it.

L. Fick. Me! Did you expect me there? and after all my actions, to declare my unspotted constancy; Are you still jealous, ingrateful man?——Was ever woman so unhappy? Will nothing, *Weeps.* make you credit me! I Swear I am the most unfortunate of Women! How has my Soul and Heart been fetter'd to you? How have I dreamt of you, and thought a look to any other man was an offence to Love? slighted the Oaths of Gallants——shun'd their presents! despis'd their persons, and refus'd their guifts all——all for you, And do you still suspect me?—— Would I could be unconstant! wou'd I had the power to be so, that I might revenge my self—— Oh misery! still suspected! *Weeps.*

Man.

Man. If she be false, there's no such thing as truth: I'll credit it no more——Madam, I see my error, and thus low sue for pardon—'Tis my last tryal: and I will henceforth more adore thy vertues than ere I did suspect 'em; Thou art the soul of Truth, so excellently good: Nature is proud of her great work; nor will I ever be betray'd agen into the gulf of jealousie, but live blest in thy love, the Prince of all content, and dye old in thy Armes.

Fick. You will relapse agen.

Man. Never by Heav'n——by this kiss I'll never——

Enter Constantia.

Const. Come, Sir! the Coach—— *Sees* Fick. *and starts.*

Man. May return agen if it please, Madam—your servant, you see your plot han't took—— *Ex.* Man. *and* Fick.

Const. This Devil has outwitted me———nay, in this plot, which I thought so securely laid, it was impossible to break it: Her cunning is so prosperous, that I believe Hell designs her for the onely person to wheadle Souls with:

I'll try once more———
And if my next plot hit not right, give o're. *Ex.* Const.

Enter Harry *and* Nurse — Bellamore *after.*

Bell. Here they are. I have from yonder dore, now too late, resented her treachery — Dam her! was mine a heart to play with? Was there not Fools enow to feed with hope, but she must flye me?——but I'll revenge my self immediately——

Harr. Here's some body coming towards, let's retire my Dear.

Bell. Sir! I have a Message first—— *Strikes him.*

Harr. Such Messages are thus to be return'd. *Drawes and fights.*

Nurse. Ah help, help! Murder, murder—help, help——

Enter L. Fickle *with a Candle.*

L. Fick. What's the matter Nurse? Oh heav'ns my Lord *Bellamore!* and Mr. *Jollyman!* How came you hither at this time of night?

Bell. 'sdeath! What a mistake is this—Have I fought for this pippin? *Looking amazedly at* Nurse.

Harr. Zounds! Have I bestow'd all my Caresses and Courtship to night upon this Beldam?

Nurse. Well, Sir; I shall find a time to requite your favours for all your jesting. *Ex.* Nurse.

Bel. Gad, I thought it had been you Madam—

Harr.

Harr. And so did I by Heav'n. I durst have sworn 'twas her voice.

Bell. Your thoughts were ill imploy'd, Sir, in a thing that so little concerns you: I hope you have no pretences here.

Harr. How, Sir, no pretences! Ha's any man?—

Fick. 'Buz: 'Sdeath are you mad! why this [*Stops his mouth.*
is the person my Uncle designs me to marry—— [*To* Harry.

Bell. Nor is this boldness pleasing, Sir.

L. Fick. My Lord! for heav'ns sake what d'ee mean? Will you ruine all——This is the very Gentleman my Uncle designs for my Husband——and if he knows you are his Rival—I'm undone.

Enter Manley.

Man. Come, Madam, Whither do you run? by heav'n I'm so melancholly — without you——ha', my Lord *Bellamore* and *Jollyman!* 'Sdeath! What new intrigue's this?

L. Fick. O Fate! Is he come too? What a spiteful minute is this? [*Aside.*
Why Sir! What d'ee mean? D'ee not see my Lord there, unknown;
To be he supt with Sir *Arthur* to night, and has chosen this
Minute to accost me——Stare, stare! counterfeit your self
Mad, or we are lost: Then leave the rest to me.
Pray, Sir, to bed.

(*Aloud this.*)

To bed. Fye, What mean you by this unseasonable rambling? Sir *Arthur* will be very angry if he knowes it. Stare! stare!

Bell. *Jack Manley* here at this time of night——Hark'ee Madam, What makes him here?

L. Fick. Sir *Arthur* seeing him in his mad fit, brought him hither to night, with intent to administer a potion, which he had made for Lunatick persons; and, it seems, they left his Chamber dore open, and he is got out. Look! look how he stares!

Harr. Gad, 'tis a miracle to me to see him thus——I have often heard him say, Love is the Parent of Dullness, and Wine of Madness. Madam, How came his misfortune?

L. Fick. Love, Sir, Love. Passion for one *Celia*, a Lady i'th' Town here, an obdurate, inconstant person I have heard—— and it seems she has wheadled him into this condition.

Man. She shall be drest in Flames! Pendants of Ice shall hang at either eare, and cool her as she burnes——whiz——buz——shugh Bough——she's gone, ha, ha, ha——Ah *Celia!* How sweet were thy amours? Dam her! she eates Onions—— and her blew veines are all but colour'd. Lute-strings, in which she hangs her Cupids, Sir——Sir, I would have your Nose par'd less——adieu, adieu pop——Let me hear no more on't—— *Ex.* Manley.

Bell.

Bell. Had I not ſeen this, I ſhould have thought it incredible, a man of the Town, and run mad for Love — by heaven 'tis above the common rate of wonders, and doubtleſs portends ſome viſible Calamity that threatens the Nation ——

Harr. Madam, a word with you.

L. Fick. No whiſpering, Sir; 'twill cauſe him to ſuſpect us — you know my promiſe — viſit me to morrow morning, and then by an unexpected choice, I ſhall declare the man I think moſt worthy of my Love,

Harr. Enough, I will not fail. I gueſs the night far ſpent, and in ſtaying longer I may obſtruct your reſt: I'll take my leave, Madam, your faithful ſervant — My Lord, your Lordſhips devoted. He little thinks what pollicy's in this — *Aſide.* *Ex.* Harry.

L. Fick. Now, Am not I extreamly kind, thus to ſend him away, that I may have the freer diſcourſe with you? I hope you will ſay this is very obliging.

Bell. I confeſs it weighs ſomewhat more then a common favour; but, Madam, I am not yet ſatisfied in his proceedings; his coming hither ſo late muſt be upon ſome deſign: and, how that old Woman ſhou'd interpoſe, is to me a Miſtery ——

L. Fick. Oh dull dull man! Why d'ee not ſee 'twas by my plot? I order'd the light to be taken away, and laid her a Bait for him, purpoſely to keep my ſelf free from his troubleſome Impertinences —

Bell. Was that it — by heav'n 'twas a Witty one ——

L. Fick. Was that it? What elſe cou'd it be —— I wonder what recompence I ſhall have for this care, in preſerving my Love intire, I Swear my Lord you'll be ungrateful.

Bell. No: by heav'n I'll heap together as much Love, and ſtrong Imagination, as wou'd ſerve forty men: But, I'll be out of thy debt — prithee do not cenſure till the tryal is made: I'gad I'm ſure I never fail'd yet — But, When ſhall be the day?

L. Fick. To morrow, Sir! a ſudden thought has ſo ordain'd it. Viſit me in the morning, where I ſuppoſe will be the reſt of my Amoretto's; and you ſhall ſee what ſentiments of private paſſion my heart retains for you.

Bell. To morrow! I am rapt with the thought on't! To morrow.

Call up the Sun! black ſhades away;
Bid Phoſporus go fetch the Day.

As my friend *Cowley* has it: Madam, I'll be as early as the Lark; nay, by heav'n, I'm very paſſionate! You ſee your Beauties pow'r, Madam — And, I'll go and prepare my ſelf —

L. Fick.

L. Fick. And I'll go and think of my purpoſe.

Bell. Think on to morrow night— A pox on purpoſes, *Ex.* Bell.

L. Fick. You ſhall have reaſon to curſe it when you know what purpoſe I mean—

Enter Manley.

Man. Are they gone, Madam.

L. Fick. Both gone, Sir, and full of different hopes— I Swear the love I bear you makes me commit ſtrange frailties.

Man. Oh my Deareſt; my heav'n of love; How ſhall I recompence thee? My life's ſervice as nothing, if conſider'd. When, when my Sweet?

Fick. To morrow, Sir.

Man. Happy accent!

L. Fick. You carry'd the plot ſo well, in counterfeiting madneſs,
That I were ingrateful, ſhould I not recompence to viſit
Me to morrow morning, Sir; and, by a happy choice,
Receive what you have ſo long ſigh'd for.

Man. Oh Tranſport of Delight!
By heav'n I fear I ſhall not live till then:
Exceſs of joy will kill me— Beſt of Women:
Beſt, 'twas too vilely ſaid, thou art ſo good;
By heav'n thou art a Miracle—and I
The happy man elected to poſſeſs it:
Till the morning comes I will employ my ſelf,
In thinking on thy Beauties—and then dy,
In the poſſeſſion of ſo ſweet a Joy— [*Exit*

L. Fick. Ha, ha, ha, ha—
That Heav'n ſhou'd give man ſo proud a heart,
And yet ſo little Knowledge----Silly Creature,
That talkes, and laughes, and kiſſes oft that hand,
That ſteales away its reaſon; As if Nature----
Had play'd the Traytor, and ſeduc'd the Sex,
Without the aid of Deſtiny, or Women.
Ah! With what pleaſant eaſe
The Bird might be enſnar'd——Set but a wanton look
You catch whole Covyes: Nay, there is a Magick
Pertaining to our Sex, that drawes e'm in,
Tho' in the Long Vacation——And, by Heav'n,
I'm reſolv'd to work my ſly deceipts,
Till my revenge is perfect — Thus farr I've done well,
And I'll perſevere in the Miſtery.
Wheadle e'm to the ſnare with cunning plots;
Then bring it off with quick deſigning Wit;

And quirks of dubious meaning. Turn and wind
Like Foxes in a ſtorme; To prey on all,
And yet be thought a Saint —— Thus Queen I'll ſit,
And Hell ſhall laugh to ſee a Womans Wit. [Ex. L. Fickle.

ACT. V.

Scene, *The Street.*

Enter Zechiel, Toby, Flaile, Jollyman, Linkboyes, *and Muſicians playing and ſinging.*

Zech. HEy! rare Boyes! rare Boyes. Done like ſons of Thunder: True heirs of mirth and jollity, upon honor we have out-Example in our frollick to night, the Town ſhall talk of us, [done With admiration, and call us Children of the night; The night, The happy night. 'Pox o' your day-debauches, the dull and inſipid Common-way of frollick. Give me the Night to roar in ——

Joll. 'Sbud, well ſaid:
The night or nothing, I ſay —— Give me thy hand,
I love thee, Thou art a merry Wagg: I am pleas'd with't,
Udsbores I am. I thought I had a ſon here too,
But I ſee now he's grown a ſerious Raſcal,
He never ſeeks good Company, ſuch as thine is ——
No matter, hang pinching, I'll be even with him,
And let the World rub.

Zech. Banter him, banter him *Toby.* 'Tis a conceited old Scarab, and will yield us excellent ſport — go play upon him a little —— exerciſe thy Wit ——

Tob. Not I uds haſh —— I had like to have had my head broke with his Halbert juſt now, for going about to exerciſe my wit.

Joll. Come, another Song, another Song my merry Wags,
And hang pinching, I'll make a third man — hem ——

SINGS.

And underneath the Greenwood Tree
This Youngſter laid her down a,
And there he Kiſt her once or twice,
Sing hey derry, derry, derry, down, a.

Zech.

Zech. O brave old Signior——*Flail!* Sirra, Bimdog, what a pox dreaming. Sing Sirra to entertain the Company.

Flail. I Sing, Zing, What d'ee mean, Sir! I Sing! Lord ſave us: alaſs I canno Sing, Sir, Ich was ne'r ſo well bred.

Zech. Whiſtle then you Dog, do ſomething for Diverſion——

Flail. Whiſtle! by Coxbones I cannot whiſtle neither. Bleſs us, Muſt I never go to bed—— Bleſs me from *London*, if this be the Trade.

Zech. Trade! Thou ſon of *Aſſafetida*! call a Gentlemans divertive Cuſtome a Trade. Come, all hands, wee'll go Pump the Rogue.

Jolly. Ay, ay; a dull drowſy Raſcal: Pump him I ſay——

Enter three Wenches.

Zech. A prize! a prize! Petticoates upon honour; Stand there! come before a man of Authority——And why Thus early my Lady of the Lake? Whither are you going.

1. *Wench.* To Hell! Will you follow me?

Zech. Not I, upon honour: There I'll leave you——

Tob. By your favour, Madam, What's a Clock? [*To* 2 *Wench.*

2. *Wench.* I am ſorry the pawning your Watch, Sir, forces you to Ask ſo neceſſary a Queſtion——

Tob. Now will this damn'd bulking Quean be too witty for me; 'O my Conſcience if I ſhall ask her any more Queſtions! Uds haſh! I'll ee'n proceed to the Buſineſs, and ſay nothing.

Joll. *goes to the other, and ſhe ſlights him.*

3. *Wench.* Fy, fy, Sir! an old man and talk thus!

Joll. An old Man! 'Sbud! You'r a Whore, an old man! Call a Gentleman, in the midſt of a night Debauch old -- Hem, Hem—— Sound Lungs and Heart-whole—— old quoth a!

Zech. Come, upon honour, ye ſhall all to the Tavern with us, and Wee'l compleat the nights debauch with Credit: But firſt A Song. I know you have your parts in the laſt new Verſes, Made of the Nights Ramble. 'Tis a part of your Function, a New Song is as neceſſary for a Town Woman, as a Sute of Knots, Or a new Gown——Hey! ſtrike up there!

SONG.

Happy the Man that takes delight,
In Banquetting the Senses;
That drinks all day, and then at night,
The height of Joy commences.
With Bottles arm'd, we ſtand our ground,
Full Bumpers crown our Bliſſes;
They rore and ſing the Streets around,
In Serenading Miſſes.
Chor. *With Bottles arm'd,* &c.

Pleaſures thus free and unconfin'd,
No drowzy Crime reproaches;
No Heav'n to a frollick mind,
No pleaſure like Debauches.

Whilſt rambling thus, new Joyes we reap,
In charmes of Love and Drinking,
Inſipid Fops lye drown'd in ſleep,
And the Cuckold he lies thinking.
Chor. *Whil'ſt rambling,* &c.

Zech. Rarely done of all hands: come, now let's to the Tavern, I am reſolv'd to make a night on't.

Joll. Well ſaid, agen, Boy. Toth'Tavern! toth'Tavern—hah—Merry Raſcal——hang pinching. 'Sbud 'thou'rt a brave fellow——

Tob. Come my little pignies, you and I will go and be drunk together: Hey—you ſhall ſee me performe rare exploits, i'faith.

Tob. Nay, Gad, now my hands in, I ſhall pepper you with wit, I feel it growing in my head like a Bunch of Parſenips.

Zech. Agen! Igad pinch him agen; but come, of this at the Tavern, We loſe time—Strike up there——Sing. *Whilſt rambling.* [*Ex. ſinging.*

Enter

Enter L. Fickle *in Mans Cloaths, and* Silvia, Dorel *at a diſtance.*

L. Fick. So, is all fit? prithee how do I look? may I paſs for a Bully of the firſt Rate amongſt Dablers in the Myſtery? how ſit my Cloaths?

Silv. Decently I ſwear, and well become you; you have as maſculine an Air as any Man, I mean any Man that has no more Beard than you.

Dor. This gives an end to my ſuſpition; the Plot's unravel'd, and my late doubts have now their period— [*Aſide.*

L. Fick. Away then, and be ſure you miſs not a tittle in the charge I've given you, but with a feign'd ſigh, and a tear or two, tell *Sir Arthur* I went away unknown to you, and ſuppoſing it to be diſcontent, relating to his deſigns of Marriage; do this handſomly, and I'll come in perſon, and proſecute the reſt: This Habit will, I am ſure, diſguiſe me, and I intend to invite my ſelf to another Banquet of Wit with the Suitors, ere I have done with 'em—away—a day or two's time will make all quiet—and I ſhall be in readineſs for as many more.

Silv. Madam, I have my Leſſon perfectly, and am ſo much your Creature, as not to diſpute your Commands. [*Ex.* Silv.

L. Fick. Now am I in my opinion a ſecond *Machivil*, my Wit has finiſh'd Works as ſtrong and great as *Hercules* 12 labours! Oh I cou'd hug my ſelf for my inventions — they are ſo proſperous, as if Fate meant to make my Wit a Miracle for Men to wonder at. To betray in me's a Virtue, being firſt betray'd. The thought of which does like an eating Canker prey on my heart and vitals. Therefore ſweet Revenge
Thou art my Darling. Thus I'll blind their eyes,
'Tis on the neck of Wit Revenge muſt riſe.— [*Exit.*

Enter Dorel.

Dor. Can this be true! oh Heav'ns what have I heard!
Is't poſſible ſhe ſhou'd be thus affected
To him that baſely ſo deſerted her?
If ſo I am a Devil, and my jealouſie
The ſin of all Corruption—I'll redeem it,
Watch all her actions, and diſcover all,
Leſt ſhe ſhou'd loſe her ſelf in her Revenge.

'Twas well I overheard her—Happy day!
That does all former fears with Bliſs repay.

[*Ex.* Dor.

Scene 2.

Scene 2. *The Street, a Tavern Bush hung out.*

Enter Bellamore, Zechiel, Toby, Jollyman, *Three Wenches and Muſitians drinking.*

Zech. 'Twas well my Lord your Valor interpos'd betwixt me and the danger, by Heav'n I had been ſtockado'd elſe——

Bell. I am glad Sir, Fate guided me that way, and made me capable of doing you ſo good an office, pray how came your quarrel?

Zech. Why one of the Raſcals would needs take the wall of me, nay, tho' I told him in *French* I was drunk, and had a Whore with me —— Was ever ſuch an incivility? But I think I am reveng'd, for if I may believe my eye, my laſt full Paſs pierc'd his *Diaphragma*——I'm ſure I kill'd him.

Joll. How, kill'd him! Not ſo, I hope, my merry Wag, not ſo——

Zech. Not ſo, upon Honour I am ſure it is ſo——
Whoo--Pox 'tis accounted nothing now in Term-time.
The killing a Man's no more lookt on in a Nights Debauch,
Than getting a Clap in a Mornings Ramble.
The Town's full, the Town's full.

Tob. I hope the conſequences are no worſe than he makes 'em;
But udſhah——my heart goes a-pit-to-pat.

Bell. Tho' I hate this Fellows impertinence, yet for diverſion ſake I'll make one in the Debauch to Night: Sirra, bid the Coach go home, tell *Raines* I have no occaſion for him to Night.—— [*To his Footman.*

Zech. Come Muſick ſtrike up there, Damme' you ſleepy Dogs,
Come, we'll have a Song and a Dance, hey--Drawer.

Enter Drawer.

Draw. Will you not be pleas'd to take a private Room Sir?

Zech. A private Pox Sir. [*Strikes him.*
What I warrant you take us now for ſome of your ſerious brood of Aldermen, d'ee Sirra? But ſuch another word, and I ſhall make a private Room in your Guts for this Engine here.

Tob. Sirra, you ſhall be hufft and cufft, and flip'd and kick'd, Sirra, if you talk of private Rooms—Now am I as valiant as a Hector, methinks I cou'd beat this Drawer into a Wicker Bottle——

Zech. Sirra, as a Reprieve for Life, bring out the Butt, we'll have the triumph of *Bacchus* to Night, my Lord you ſhall be Spectator; now of one of my Frolicks, I invented it in *Paris*, for the benefit of all Lovers of the Grape, and cheriſhers of *Burgundy*, and I hope you'll ſpeak it a facetious one; 'tis call'd a triumph to *Bacchus*, my Lord.

Bell.

Bell. A good Theme Sir——worthy of your Wits invention, no doubt a great piece of ingenuity.—— [*Aside.*

Zech. Come my witty Devottees of *Venus*,
You muſt be aſſiſtant here. [*To three Wenches.*
Hey—Drawer, where are you Sirra?

Enter Drawers with an empty Butt.

Come hither *Toby*, thou ſhalt perſonate god *Bacchus*——
Give him Wreath there—and a Bumper.—
Come, up, up, advance into the Throne—— [Tob. *gets on the Butt.*
So, now Ladies kneel, and pay obedience to your Emperor——
My Lord, I muſt beg your Lordſhip to bear part in the Ceremony——
There on that ſide, my Lord——
Drawer give every one a Glaſs——
Flouriſh Muſick and drink—
Hey— [*Flouriſh, all drink.*

Tob. How do I preſent it, ha! methinks it becomes me very well.

Zech. Look big, look a little bigger, you know the Effigie.

Joll. By the Lord *Harry* I'll kiſs thee for this, my Darling of the dark-Well, I am reſolv'd to diſinherit my Son, and adopt thee——hang pinching, I'll do't Boy, and let the World rub.

Zech. Come, now to the Song——and let all parts be ready for the *Chorus*.

SONG.

Bacchus *thou mighty Power Divine,*
Great God of Mirth, and ſprightly Wine,
Behold us here that Kneeling ſhow
The Duty that we owe---
We through thy influence rejoyce,
And thus with free and chearful voyce
The Fame and Praiſes ſing
Of Bacchus *our great God and King.*

Chor. *'Tis Wine, 'tis Wine, that ſtill controuls,*
And Fame and Love muſt both ſtrike Sail;
There lies ſuch vigor in full Bowls,
The Fate of Princes can't prevail.

The

The Wreaths of great Heroes his Altar ſhall Crown,
Whil'ſt the Grave and the Prudent bow down.

When Beauty darts a ſmiling Beam,
Our Souls are by Loves extreme;
But one brisk Glaſs takes Care away,
And yields us back the Prey:
No Fate of Love or piercing Dart
Can wound when Wine ſurrounds the heart;
Still guarding it from Care,
It baffles Fate, and ſlights the Fair.

Chor. *'Tis Wine, 'tis Wine,* &c. [*Dance.*

Joll. Spark, let me embrace thee, 'udsbores thou art the Mirror of our Age, and haſt the beſt principles of *Engliſh* Gallantry I ever ſaw—Ah would I were but 5-and-20 for thy ſake——but come—hang pinching—'tis well it's no worſe, as my friend *Hearty* ſayes——

Zech. What think you my Lord? is it not Modiſh?—by Heav'n 'tis new, that's one good property, and I believe 'twill take very well.

Bell. Sir, if you will take my opinion in this buſineſs, I think it an excellent Invention, and were I you, I wou'd have Books printed, that the World may not be ignorant; 'igad you have this encouragement, the Preſs has been troubled with matters of leſs conſequence.

Tob. I tell you I have 200 *l.* a Year, I've my Lands free and unmorgag'd, and am reſolv'd to keep a Miſs, according to the Mode, therefore ſpeak now, or for ever hold your peace.

1 *Wench.* But which of us would you have Sir?

Tob Either of you—— Udſhaſh I'm a right Countrey Squire, any thing will ſerve my turn, if the properties be not wanting——What's your price?——

1 *Wench.* Why in truth Sir, I have had 40 s. a Week, but in kindneſs to a Man of your Complexion, I'll abate a Crown.

Tob. My Complexion! ah wheadling Queen——

Joll. Come Sirra, Drawer fill each his Glaſs. Hey——Let the World rub, and let's have t'other Song.

Enter

Enter Flaile.

Fla. Zong quoth a—Lord zave us a Zong—pray, pray good folks—pray---oh, oh---

Zech. How now Bandog, what makes you howl thus? ha!

Fla. Howl! by Coxnowns you'll howl too, if you ſtay longer; y'have kill'd a Mon yonder, he that you quarrel'd with about your Crack there, 'ſlid ſhe have a good mind to crack her for't, and God ſave his Soul they think he's dead: The Conſtable, and a Regiment of Beggars, I mean Bilbo's, are ſearching for you, and juſt coming up the ſtreet, uds-diggers up you go, if they can catch ye. Oh that ever the ancient Family of the *Tilburies* ſhould come to ſuch diſgrace!

2 *Wench.* Nay then, this is no time for Merchandizing. [*Exeunt Wenches.*

Zech. Malicious Fortune, Heav'n what ſhall I do, if I am taken, I ſhall certainly be hang'd?

Bell. Pox, not for killing a Man in Term-time, Sir, you know the Town's full.

Joll. Hang'd! Heav'n defend, my merry Wag, is't come to that? Hang'd! Gentlemen your Servant, I've a little earneſt buſineſs.---

Bell. Nay, Sir, leave not your Friends in adverſity, for my part I'm reſolv'd to ſtick to't, if we are hang'd.---

Tob. If we are hang'd quoth a? Ah Lord! the very word has put me into an Ague.

Bell. If we do miſcarry Sir---why let the World rub as you ſay.

Tob. Ay, ay, you need not fear, you are a Lord, you'll come off well enough, 'tis we ſhall ſtretch for't; udſhaſh nothing vexes me, but that I cannot ſtay to perform my bargain with Mrs *Juniper* there. [*A noiſe without,* Hark, they come, the Devil take the hindmoſt. [*Runs into the Tavern.*

Zech. And ſo ſay I.

Bell. Dam 'em! Are they gone? What Scarabs are theſe, to truſt a Tavern ſecurity beyond a Sword---What Sirra are you creeping away too? turn back, and help to defend you Dog---or--- [*Noiſe within, follow, follow.*

Fla. O Lord Sir! *I* defend Sir! —

Bell. Fight Sirra, and fight valiantly too, or by this Steel—

Fla. Well Sir, *I* will, *I* will, oh what will become of me!

Joll. Come my Lord, have at 'em, ſince it muſt be ſo, here's old Madge has not ſeen Sun theſe 20 Years, ſhall be ſcowr'd in ſome of their Guts, rather than I'll be taken; udsbores *I* have been valiant in my time.

Bell. *I* muſt quickly diſpatch, for fear of a diſappointment with my *Corinna*—

Enter Constable and Watch.

Const. Oh here they are, Caitiffs, Rogues, Murderers, down, down with 'em my Men o' Midnight, fall on in the Kings name, fall on-------

[*They fight, Constable and Watch are beaten off.*

Enter Toby.

Tob. No hole, ne'r a corner to creep into? This is the worst contriv'd house I ever saw. Hang'd did he say? Marry Heav'n defend, I am too raw a Bully to venture hanging yet —oh well remember'd ifaith--here's the Butt, the Throne of *Bacchus*, as *Zechiel* calls it; this will be a rare place to secure my self in [*gets into the Butt*] the Devil's in 'em if they search here—I'll stay till the Cry is over, and then home to my Lodging; I love a Debauch, till it comes to Fighting; but then, methinks, it grows troublesom—Hark, here they come, now close like a Coney in a Burrow.

Re-enter Constable and Watch.

Const. Why Neighbors we were mistaken, these were none of those that hurt the Man - I am told, 'twas two Brothers, and that they were dog'd to this Tavern. Come, come — they must be here still — let's in, and see--- [*Ex.*

Enter Zechiel *above in a Balcony.*

Zech Was ever poor Night-walker in such distress? What shall I do? They are searching within, and the damn'd Rogues are so curious in the discovery, that they miss not an Auger-hole; I found this Ladder of Ropes upon a Shelf, but dare not venture down yet, for fear some prying Rascal shall snap me between Earth and Heav'n — sdeath I'll creep into this Bush, it may be this may secure me— [*Gets upon the Tavern Bush.*

Hah! upon Honour I grow chearful, this is so Modish a Device, that I've great hopes of good success---

Tob. They're all gone in, and now I'm in a Tub of Troubles about vent'ring out; if some of 'em should watch at the Gate, I shou'd be snapt—if snapt — hang'd—Udshash, my stomach cannot relish that word ——Yet I'll couch a little longer, and see what will come on't----

Enter Tilbury *drunk, with a Torch.*

Zech. Here comes a Man with a Light — now sit close —

Tilb. A Son of a Whore to question a Man of 1500 *l.* a Year, and

dispute

dispute the Family of the *Tilburies*, by *St Jago* he deserves to be mortifi'd — Constable — What's a Constable, to a Man of Worship! a Man of drunken reeling Worship! a Worm! a Scarab! 'tis fit he should be Carbonado'd. Let's see, where am I? What Tavern's this? oh 'tis the *Rose*, I'll take another dose of Sack here, and then — home — ho — within there Drawer, gives a Cup o' Sack here —

Zech. Ah Lord! 'tis my Father — and drunk as a Wheel-barrow, I shall be found out, for he holds his Torch so high, that any one that comes by must needs see me. [*Takes Orange-peals out of his Pocket, and throws at* Tilbury.

Tilb. Why Rascals, Poltroons — Sons of Popinjayes, what d'ee mean, hah Dare you affront a Man of Quality — I mean a Man of Countrey Quality — Hah Puppies, by *St Jago* I'll break all the Windows — I'll teach you to be civil-now, now — cannot I find e'r a stone, This is the great enormance of this City — here's Wenches in abundance, but not a stone to throw at a Dog — no matter — I'll set fire on your Bush, 'tis all one — I'll mortifie your Owls Nest by *St Jago*.

Zech. Oh! I shall be burnt! [*Offers to burn the Bush.* Why Father, Father, I'm here! I'm here! Your Son! Your hopeful Son — Oh Lord if I cry out too, I shall be hang'd — What shall I do? Fire! Fire! Fire! —

Enter the Constable and Watch.

Const. How now! What's here one going to fire the house? Away away with him to the Lodge; here's fine work indeed! Come bring him away, stay some of you here and watch, the rest must be hereabouts —

[*Ex. Constable with* Tilb.

1 *Watch.* But is't possible Neighbours this house should be haunted, and yet Folks live in't!

2 *Watch.* Possible? as sure as you are there Neighbours. They say the Devil appear'd to 'em every Night in the likeness of a Hog.

1 *Watch.* Lord bless us Sirs! a Hog! but see what the Devil can do.

2 *Watch.* Set down the Lanthorn *Patch*, and come let's sit down on this Butt — I'll tell you the Story —

3 *Watch.* Ay come, silence ho, let's hear Neighbour *Gobble* — [*They sit.*

2 *Watch.* Why look you Sirs, one Winter-night the Maid here sitting up late in the Kitchen, and busie about her Houshold affairs — who should come in at the Window but this Hog —

Omn. So!

2 *Watch.* And you must know the Devil's a cunning Hog, when occasion serves kept such — such a grunting and shuffling, and jumping, that the poor Wench was even out of her wits; she wou'd have pray'd, but

but her memory being very ſhort, and her Prayer-book out of the way, ſhe could not. In ſhort, Sir, this Hog, or this Devil, er this Devil of a Hog, for 'ts all ——having thrown down ſeveral Pewter Diſhes, and ſwallow'd a whole Porridge-pot of Brewis—— takes me his way into the Cellar —— there makes ſuch a wrack among the Butts and Bottles--ſuch havock among the Glaſſes—— [Tob. *puts out the Candle*
How now, who puts out the Candle there? *in the Lanthorn.*

1 *Watch.* Not I.

2 *Watch.* Nor I.

Tob. Ugh! Ugh! Ugh!—— [*Grunts like a Hog.*

Omn. Oh it comes! it comes! the Devil, the Devil--- [*Ex.*

Tob. Udſhaſh! this Ugh, Ugh, was a rare invention, [Tob. *comes out.*
I think I have outwitted the Rogues: Now give me a Man that can help a danger at a pinch, for tho' I ſay it, *Machiavil* was an Aſs to me at a nights intrigue; but I'll away, for fear of inſurrections--- [*Ex.*

Zech. That was *Toby*'s voice, I believe he's gone; what the Devil was't ſcar'd the Watchmen ſo---No matter now, the Coaſt is clear----I'll venture down---ſo-- [*Gets down the Ladder.*
Upon Honour I have been ſeverely frighted to Night: But the uncertain Fate of a Night-walker ſeldom meets better ſucceſs---
I have eſcap'd two eminent dangers, Burning and Hanging,
The thought of which has made me as dull as a riſi'd Cully.

Thus with the Brawny Crew of Suburb Roches,
We ſwim the Brackiſh Ocean of Deboches,
Without the Senſe of Honour or Reproches.

[*Ex.*

Scene 3.

Enter Sir Arthur, Silvia, Arbella, Conſtantia.

Sir Arth. Come, come, I ſay, there's a trick in't, ſome cunning ſcurvy lewd deſign, I know it; have I not ſoſter'd her with tenderneſs? and before ſhe could write Woman, bred her carefully! What cauſe has ſhe then to deſert my houſe? Anſwer me that, what cauſe?

Silv. Only fear Sir, you ſhould match her againſt her Will,
Heav'n knows I know no other cauſe.

Sir Arth. No, no, there muſt be more in't, 'twas your pleaſure Miſtriſs often to quarrel with her, it caus'd your envy to ſee her ſo belov'd--hah--But bring her agen, and quickly too, or ſee my face no more, out of my doors, by *Jacobs* Pantible---a Relique of Renown'd memory: Thou art no more my daughter, unleſs my Neece return---

Arbella.

Arb. Indeed *Sir Arthur* you are a little too severe in this, for I am confident Madam *Constantia* knows nothing of her going, she alwayes kept her intrigues from her knowledge, and consequently this, being, it seems, of more importance than any of the rest; what her design is Heav'n knows, but a day or two's time will doubtless discover all.

Sir Arth. Madam *Arbella*, you are one I respect, your Father *Sir Andrew Swipplethrop* is my intimate good Friend, a Man I love and honour; and by *St Augustines* Night-cap--Madam *Arbella* you are welcome to my house, but seek not to defend an ill Argument---I say once more there's a trick in't---and give me leave, Madam, I will persevere in my justice---therefore Minion look to't.

Enter Dorel.

Dor. Sir, there is three Gentlemen below, Suitors to Madam *Fickle*, that desire admittance---

Sir Arth. Conduct 'em up, I hope here's some discovery.

Enter Bellamore, Manley *and* Harry.

Bell. Though I was ignorant, Sir, you were my Rival, I thought I had known you for a Gentleman, one that wou'd not have carry'd a design under the disguise of counterfeit madness; but assure your self, Sir, such an injury shall require satisfaction.

Man. And have it, my Lord, when you dare demand it: all falshood I deny; nor can I condemn my self with carrying on a Love intrigue with policy.

Har. 'sDeath! I see I am baffled at last, these are two of her Suitors---I, it seems, the third; but I hope her choice will dissipate all doubts---

Sir Arth. My Lord and Gentlemen, your humble Servant, may I request to know what business brings you hither so early?

Bell. I suppose my business is not unknown, I come *Sir Arthur*, to pay my devotion to the charming *Corinna*.

Har. And I mine to the glorious *Cleio*.

Man. And I the particular tender of my heart to the adorable *Celia*.

Sir Arth. Corinna! Cleio! Celia! They are names of Antiquity, I confess — But for Heav'ns sake express your selves more largely Gentlemen, I know none of the persons.

Arb. Now the Plot begins to be discover'd, now we shall know all.

Const.

Const. Prithee do but observe the alteration of countenances, oh this was a subtle Devil!

Bel. Your Neece, *Sir Arthur*, the rich Widow—I have had the honour to be long interest'd in her favour, and she commanded me to wait on her this morning, and promis'd publickly to make choice of me.

Mar. By Heav'n she promis'd to make choice of me.

Har. Nay gad she promis'd to make choice of me.

Bel. Was ever such insufferable impertinence? *Sir Arthur*, I protest by my honour, all I say is true; and by virtue of her premeditated choice and election, I am the Man.

Mar. Death! What impudence is this? I say, by virtue of her choice, I am the Man.

Har. Hell and Furies! I say I am the Man.

Sir Arth. Hey day! What are all of ye the Men? By the Threshold of *Mahomet*'s Temple, this is very fine! Has she a tripartite Husband, a threefold Father of Children? But hark ye Gentlemen, let us come nearer to the business; for as far as I can perceive, you have mistook the house—— Here are no *Chio*'s, nor *Celia*'s, nor *Corinna*'s under my roof, I can assure ye. 'Tis true, I had a Neece, a Widow, and such a Fortune as you describe——who is this day gone, I think, to seek her Fortune—her name is *Fickle*—— sure she cannot be the person you seek after?

Bel. 'Tis so! We are all most finely gull'd, I find it! oh! 'sdeath, now could I eat my flesh for madness, dull Blockhead, not to perceive her Wheadling.

Man. Fickle is her name; Dam her, she has been fickle enough I see—oh Hell! Hell! Were ever hopes so frustrated? 'Tis plain now she has entertain'd us all with equal Caresses, and by taking a several name, has thus long kept us ignorant!——

Har. Sure there must be some Plot in this, *Sir Arthur*, pray be particular in the Narration—is she certainly gone Sir?

Sir Arth. Why, Sir, upon my Honour, and the Honour of our Family, I protest Sir—she is certainly gone Sir.

Har. The Devil go with her Sir—oh confusion seize her, after all my hopes, and fears, and doubts, am I thus abus'd?

Arb. Oh Heav'n! Was it possible your Lordship shou'd be so deceiv'd? Nay, by a person that shou'd ha' been proud of the honour she receiv'd in the Amours of a Man of Quality, who was unsensible of any beauty but the charms of *Corinna*, nothing cou'd penetrate but the eyes of *Corinna!* Nor nothing appear attractive, but the Person and Mein of *Corinna!*—

Const. I protest Sir I pity you, Heav'n knows how constant you have been—— how ador'd *Celia* dreamt of *Celia*, sigh'd for *Celia!* Mourn'd

our

out the tedious Night in meditations, and viſited the light with thoughts of *Celia*, and now to have ſo ſtrange a Metamorphoſis, an ungrateful *Fickle* inſtead of a conſtant *Celia*, by Heav'n 'tis great Tyranny in Fortune——

Man. Well Madam, well!

Enter Lady Fickle.

L. Fick. Sir Arthur, your Servant, permit a ſtranger ſomewhat intereſt'd in your preſent affair, the liberty of ſpeaking a word or two.

Sir Arth. Sir, any Man that wears the preſence of Gent. has liberty to expreſs himſelf here—

L. Fick. Then briefly and boldly thus — My Lord and Gentlemen — I know you better than you imagine, you are all Pretenders to my *Lady Fickle*, a perſon to whom my private inclinations have been long devoted, and having laſt Night the honour of kiſſing her hand, ſhe in tears told me, ſhe had deſerted *Sir Arthur*'s houſe, only to be rid of your troubleſom impertinences; ſhe alſo did me the favour to deſire me to give you this aſſurance, That ſhe hated you all three, and her former proceedings with you, have been only to divert herſelf with your ceremonious Addreſſes.

Bell Sure 'tis impoſſible a Woman ſhou'd be ſuch a Devil? Dare you prove this?

Man. Dam him ——this is the impudentſt young Hector I ever met with.

Hur. Hark ye, dare you fight Sir?

L. Fick Yes Sir, with you if you dare Sir! Fight! Blood of the Heroes, d'ee queſtion it — There's my Glove — I'll fight you all three, appoint your place and time.

Man. The Soul of a Gyant by Heav'n, a very Devil *in decimo ſexto*.

L. Fick I ſcorn to win a Lady of her perfections, with the loſs but of a drop of blood, a River full I ſay, my veins drawn dry, and on the active gore fierce atoms darting to win my Love through ſtreams of Death and Horror. I'll bathe my Lips in gore, kiſs bleeding Wounds, cleave Helmets, ſtand a Breach, and dare a Cannon, divide a Heart in two, hah! hah! ——'tis done. Soul of *Bellona*, I'll exhauſt a Flood, turn Earth to Chaos, Oceans into Blood. Conſume your timorous cringing Amoriſts, that would poſſeſs their Heav'n, but dare not bleed for't. Blood is my Province, therefore with you all am I reſolv'd to fight — A ſingle Man's too poor for my Revenge; All, all I ſay, and all at once, 'tis baſe elſe.

Bell. This is the daringſt young Rogue I ever ſaw, I muſt daſh his hopes — Hark'ee young Huffing Sir, no more of this here, follow me, you ſhall find one of us ſufficient to cut your Throat.

L. Fick. All or none by Heav'n, I will not fight elſe —

Dor. Now is the time, and this myſterious Plot ſhall be no longer hid —— fie, fie my Lord —— I thought your Lordſhip cheriſh'd too much honour ever to draw your Sword againſt a Woman!

Omn. A Woman!

Dor. Look on her well, *Sir Arthur*, My Lord and Gentlemen, d'ee not know her? Nay, Madam, bluſh not, all muſt out —— You muſt be diſcover'd. This is the very perſon you are ſpeaking of, my *Lady Fickle!* your *Cleio* Sir! your *Celia!* and your *Corinna*, my Lord!

Sir Arth. By *Pharoah* 'tis the ſame, I know her now. Why how Neece!

L. Fick. Diſcover'd! and i'th' end of all my Plots: what Devil told this Fellow my deſigns —— Well Uncle —— 'tis I.

Bell What in your Maſquerading habit, Madam? if I may preſume, what intrigue to night are you deſigning for?

L. Fick. 'Tis fruſtrated my Lord, you might have known elſe.

Mar. Ungrateful Creature! Was I ſo deſertleſs? Was my hearts paſſion ſo far wanting merit, to deſerve this return?

Bell. Was I not worthy of your favor?

Har. And was my heart too baſe to be your ſlave?

L. Fick. By Heav'n, no; all your deſerts are boundleſs, and I am far unworthy your addreſſes; and ſince I am diſcover'd, you ſhall know why I have us'd you thus. I lov'd, and was betray'd, and for this cauſe ſwore a Revenge on all that ſhould love me. To make it plainer to ye I am marry'd. My husband fir'd with jealouſie, forſook me to ſpend his time in Travel; ſince I have liv'd a Widow in opinion, and wheadled many Suitors, but lov'd none.

Sir Arth. Why then your Husband lives!

L. Fick. I know not Sir, I have not ſeen him ſince.

Dor. Yes Sir, he lives, and lives to bleſs the hour he took up this diſguiſe —— oh my Sweet —— Conſider humane frailty, and forgive my Crime of too much Jealouſie. [*Pulls off his Beard.*

L. Fick. My dear *Friendlove!* Can this be true? Am I then once more bleſt with thy Careſſes?

Sir Arth. Hey *Dorel* metamorphiz'd to Mr *Friendlove*, by *Melchizedech* this is ſtrange!

Bell. Marry'd! Gad I have ſpent my time very finely well! if ever I truſt a Widow agen, may I wear Horns like *Acteon*, and ſeek for a Patrimony *in terra incognita.*

Dor. I ſwear I have been cruel to thy Virtue, but my whole life ſhall ſue to make amends; and my noble Lord, and you Gentlemen, whatever Preſents

Presents on this Ladies behalf have been receiv'd, shall be return'd with ample satisfaction, and since espousing her perfections, I am bound to have a particular interest in her actions: If any one here holds himself wrong'd, my person shall give him the acknowledgment he demands, and my Sword the satisfaction of a Gentleman——

Bell. Sir! I hope you think I dare fight——— and refuse not through fear——but since I see she had some reason for what she did, my particular resentments are not worth a quarrel: My thoughts now bowing down to this shrine of beauty. ——— [*To* Arb.

Man. And mine to this, Madam! Can you forgive—— [*To* Const.

Arb. 'Twere an excellent revenge to use you as my Lady *Fickle* did, I swear my Lord you have deserv'd it.

Bell. We have all failings, Madam, you must pardon.

Sir Arth. I like this well. I like this well: win her and wear her: Mr. *Manley*, I like your Person and Estate well. By King *Pharaoh* I am very merry, come, wee'll have a Dance.

Enter Constable *and* Watch *with* Jollyman, Tilbury, Zechiel, Toby.

How now, What's here Mr. *Jollyman*, and my old Friend *Tilbury* in durance—How came this Friend? hah!

Constab. An't please your Worship! these are the Gentlemen that wounded the Man last night, and they got from us once, but we catcht um again; and we took this other fryar, a house.

Sir Arth. Well, leave 'em with me, I'll be Bail for their appearance to morrow – I am resolv'd nothing shall hinder my mirth to day——Mr. *Tilbury* and Mr *Jollyman*, I have heard of all your frollicks last night, both yours and your Sons. Let it be so no more: for the present all shall be well—— But there is no hopes of my daughter now——she's bestow'd——

Joll. Since she's bestow'd; God give her Joy. I'll cherish my self with a merry Song and a Fidle, and hang pinching, let the World rub.

Tilb. My Son's unmarry'd, and the Family of the *Tilburies* thus disgrac'd— By St. *Jago*, I'l take post and away for *Salisbury* immediately ——

Tob. And so will I. Udshah——if these distasters belong to Men of parts, as yee call 'em——give me a Country life——for though there's less wit, there's more security.

Zech. Infamous, impertinent! Canst thou repugne the pleasures of a Debauchee! through the apprehension of a walking Nightrap, and a guilded Truncheon, with the City Armes on't——Upon honour thou art a Libel to my Fame, and unworthy to break a Glass in my society.

Tob. Udshah, I might ha bin hang'd in your society for all that, but

that

that Fortune was my Friend, and reserv'd me for the future benefit of my Family——

Zech. Hang'd! A man of parts! An honest Nightwalker hang'd! Intollerable Impudence! no Sir——assure your self no such Fate attends us Brothers of the Bottles—a Stockado, a Gentile thrust through the Lungs or so, might have Happen'd——but no hanging, Brother Bullfinch: no hanging.

Tob. Come, come, a word to the wise is sufficient—— I have resolv'd a reformation—— I relish not your Stockado's not I, nor is a gentile thrust through the Lungs, as you terme it, so agreeable with my Nature to persevere. In brief, Sir, I am converted: I will into the Country immediately.

Sir Arth. Come, come, embrace and be friends, I am in a good humour, and by *Melchizedech*——strife shall be a stranger to my house, to day: so, so; all, all well——and though you are not partners in this Wedding, you shall be merry at it——and let the World rub, as my old Friend here sayes—go call in the Fidlers there——[*Dance.*

Dor. Come, my dear sweet, and let us loose our selves In Loves Embraces. This is a happy day

L. Fick. Through crooked paths, dark plots, and wayes obscure,
Revenge still roves, to make it's action sure.
I have been false to night, and purchast hate,
But Ladies, on your smiles depends my fate:—
Let me then gain one happy glance from you,
And th'*Witty False One* shall be ever True. [*Ex. omnes.*

Epilogue.

Epilogue.

And now to you Gallants that ſmiling ſit,
And with inſipid Votes infeſt the Pit,
Becauſe the Play was by a Stranger Writ;
The Poet *ſayes, he knowes his Merit's ſmall,*
And trembles at the thought of a Caball;
But ſince a Bully in his Play I was,
I am reſolv'd a Champion in his Cauſe:
Therefore let him that boaſts of too much ſtrength,
Appoint the place, and ſend his Rapiers length:
A barb'rous Critick ſhall not walk the Street,
Nor from this moment dare to cenſure Wit,
By Heav'n I'll pepper you if once we meet.
You ſmile, and perhaps doubt my want of skill,
But I'll revenge it, Blood and Death I will.
I muſt confeſs there is a ſafer way,
You may walk ſafely if you'll like the Play;
But elſe, if you your Cenſures raiſe anew,
Fate ſends his Darts abroad, Blood muſt enſue.
Let him that on that Baſis honour builds,
Meet me to morrow in Lambs-Conduit-*Fields,*
There he ſhall find a Woman now turn'd Bully,
Has power to turn a Critick to a Cully.

FINIS.